JOHN BULL, APRIL 6, 1940.
VOL. LXVII. 1764.

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JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

one-minute lesson on

"BRIGHTER WASHING FOR HALF THE COST"

COLOUREDS AND WHITES WASHED FIT FOR A QUEEN!

It's the brightest washing idea ever!—do your whole wash (whites *and* coloureds) with Oxydol, the marvellous new granulated soap. You'll be amazed to see how Oxydol's huge piles of rich *extra* lather banish the dirt and dinginess from clothes! Every pillowslip comes out *dazzling* white! Every coloured garment sings:
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You save money every time you use Oxydol! Why? Because thanks to Oxydol's *extra* lather you can do up to twice as much washing with your weekly package of Oxydol! Look at all the work Mrs. Hughes, a London housewife, did with one package of Oxydol:

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Of course not! But Oxydol makes it easy as pie! A shake of Oxydol in the washing-up water and the grease just scuttles itself! My mortar-board!—how bright and smearless the dishes dry! And remember, the more work you let Oxydol's *extra* lather do, the more money you'll save!

HOW TO SAVE EXTRA MONEY!

Have you tried the new Oxydol "no boil" washing method? You simply make a good lathery suds with Oxydol and *medium* hot water, soak your whites for fifteen minutes, rinse, hang on the line, and there you are! Your clothes dry dazzling white and you save at least two-thirds of your washday gas or coal by cutting out the boiling!

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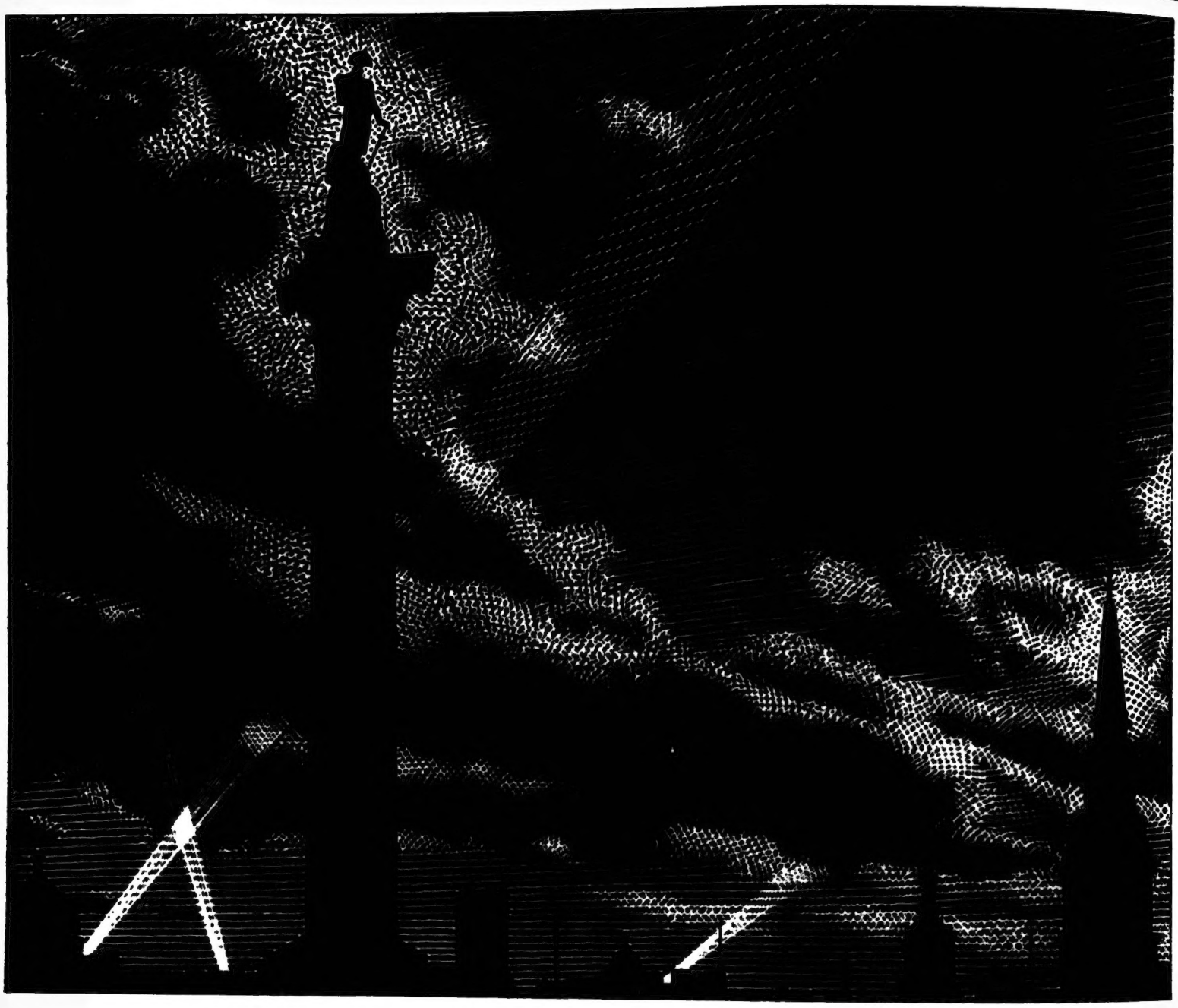

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Sell Drapery Bargains at a fair profit. Silk Stockings, Men's Socks and Children's Wear. 1,000 Bargains A.B.C Guide Free.—Cochrane's Warehouse 1 Thomas Street, Manchester.

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CROCKERY.—120 asstd. articles 10/-, 48 cups, sets, 4/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery,9,Burslem.

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WALLPAPERS direct from Mills. 250 patterns, post free—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 6, Rochdale Road Manchester, 4.

HAVE YOU LOOKED AT
JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
ON PAGE 5.

You will be sure to find the bargain you have been looking for, and since all offers are covered by the *John Bull* guarantee on this page you can order with confidence. GRAVES of Sheffield offer specially guaranteed 4-v. Battery Superhet Radio Sets at small monthly payments. A free trial offer for the Deaf is made by D. & J. HILL. Illustrated catalogue will be sent by R. A. HARDING, of BATH, showing the latest models in Bath Chairs, Invalid Carriages, etc., etc. F. HODGSON & SONS' Special Carpet Offer includes Handsome Rugs given away entirely Free. These and many other interesting announcements appear in
JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW.

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YOU will be able to earn more as spare-time agent for us. No risk, no outlay; generous Commission and postages paid. See our announcement on page 5 and be sure to write tonight to BESSANTS, OF LEICESTER.

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CAPABLE OF TOOL MAKING. ALSO EXPERIENCED TOOL-MAKERS. WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY FOR MEN WITH AMBITION. TOP RATE, PREMIUM BONUS AND OTHER ADVANTAGES.

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NOW is your chance to get into a Skilled Key Position. Fatherly advice free. Mention what interests you.—Write, P.A., Dept. 38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the Police; study at home in your spare time; special courses for entrance and promotion; full particulars of advice about other careers, commercial, technical or Civil Service, free.—Dept. A.38, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

CIVIL SERVICE POSTS. Entry by Examination has now been suspended. Both sexes who wish for employment in the Civil Service should send for particulars of our War-Time Entrance Service and details of pay and duties in the various branches.—B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, W.1.

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In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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AIR Force.—Young Men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers, etc.; our postal courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. L.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

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MEN, WOMEN PAST 40! FEEL YOUNG as ever. New Ostrex Brand Tonic Tablets contain raw oyster stimulants, vitamins, general invigorators. First dose starts new life, vigour, vital force, or maker refunds price. Introductory size, 1/9. For sale at all chemists and all branches Boots', Timothy White's, and Taylor's.

FREE.—If you endure the agonies of asthma and bronchitis, learn how instant relief can be yours by writing, mentioning *John Bull*, to Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1, for a free copy of a special booklet, "Are You Asthmatic?" or fill in the Coupon on p. 23.

It just Touches the Spot

NO LIVING SOUL need continue a day longer with the misery of feeling Weak and Depressed. This is but the after-effects of 'Flu and severe Coughs and Colds added to the worry and strain of War-time. HERE IS A WONDERFUL help for the Nerves and Stomach that has benefited many thousands of people in a badly Run-down condition. It is a Natural Tonic that goes direct to the seat of the trouble and makes *ordinary meals* restore Health and Vigour in a truly remarkable way.

Making Meals Work Wonders

Two tablets of Yestamin add to your meals the amazing tonic power of VITAMIN YEAST. This not only bucks you up itself, but IT EXTRACTS FROM ALL OTHER FOOD benefits which your body is badly in need of. You can actually *feel* your food and Yestamin doing you good. In a few days Lack of Energy, Nerviness, Sleeplessness, begin to disappear. Flatulence, Heartburn and other Digestive Troubles are dispelled as the acid excess in your stomach is reduced. Constipation is banished too (for Yestamin acts as a Natural Laxative) and once again you feel able to face up to things. Isn't this worth a trial? ACCEPT OUR GOOD FAITH OFFER and start a week's course of Yestamin to-day. It only means 6d.!

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Depression and Weakness call for *something more lasting* than an ordinary tonic. Yestamin Vitamin-Yeast "touches the spot" and its wonderful tonic action *increases day by day* until you really feel a new being. There is nothing to equal Yestamin for all cases of

DEPRESSION, "NERVES," LOSS OF ENERGY, RUN-DOWN CONDITION, MORNING TIREDNESS, SPRING LASSITUDE, ANÆMIA, SLEEPLESSNESS

Try Yestamin also if you are subject to:

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Write to address below for Free copy of A.B.C. Health Guide.

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40 Tablets 6d.
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ACCEPT this fair-and-square offer: GET A 6d. OR 1/- TIN OF YESTAMIN from your Chemist TO-DAY. Then begin AT ONCE with your Mealtime Ration of 2 Tablets. You will be SURPRISED AND DELIGHTED with your daily growing HEALTH IMPROVEMENT—and appearance—or return any unused Tablets in Tin to the Yestamin Co., Burton-on-Trent, when your purchase price in FULL will be RETURNED TO YOU IMMEDIATELY.

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BY becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. If you want to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, get the advice of Mr. Bennett, Governing Director of the famous Bennett College, Dept. 31, Sheffield. It may make a wonderful difference to your future.—Full particulars and free private advice will be sent on any subject. See page 6.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE to sufferers from bad circulatory troubles and rheumatism. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Elasto (Dept. 15F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., for free sample of Elasto and a copy of a special free booklet explaining the Elasto Treatment. Send now while you think of it.

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Foudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades, also Tokalon Skinfood Creams. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 422A), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.

FREE. Send to-day for free 56-page booklet on how to gain new energy and strength. This is offered in the Vitaip announcement on page 28. All you need to do is to send a postcard, mentioning *John Bull*, to Health Products Laboratories, Dept. J.B.3, 128/134, Baker Street, London, W.1.

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners —everyone is praising the Improved Pallant Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light yet immensely strong; no understraps, and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that wearers can forget that they are ruptured.—Write or call, Blundens, Dept 129G., 9, Oxford St., W.1

FREE to rheumatic sufferers! A free trial supply of Curicones, a valuable remedy for all forms of rheumatism, will be sent to readers who write, mentioning *John Bull* (Dept. J.B.4), Stephen Matthews & Co., Mfg. Chemist, 19/21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Accompanying the trial supply will come a special booklet explaining all about the Curicone treatment.

FREE to *John Bull* readers—a free sample of Brooklax, the wonderful chocolate laxative. Highly recommended by doctors and nurses for adults and children. Banishes constipation and gives gentle, thorough relief. So convinced are the makers of the efficacy of this excellent remedy that they invite *John Bull* readers to accept this free trial offer.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Westminster Laboratories, Ltd., 4/12, Palmer Street, London, S.W.1.

FREE sample of 3 famous Toilet Preparations. Hurry, accept this unique offer of a free trial bottle of "Harlene" Hair Grower and Tonic, a free Cremex Shampoo, and a free bottle of Uson Brilliantine.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, enclosing 4d. in stamps for postage and packing, to Edwards Harlene, Ltd. (H.927), 20/26, Lambs Conduit St., London, W.C.1. Stamp your envelope with 1½d. stamp.

FOR the thrifty housewife—and what housewife would admit to being other than thrifty?—the makers of Kolynos Dental Cream—the World's most economical toothpaste—have published a booklet of hints on economy. Packed from cover to cover with scores of worthwhile money-savers, this booklet costs you nothing, but will save you pounds. No doubt you'll be wanting your copy right away, so send a postcard to Kolynos (Dept. S.E.36), 12, Chenies Street, W.C.1, and you will receive it by return of post.

GARDENING

TWELVE glorious bush roses offered for 5/-, carriage paid. This is only one of the many outstanding gardening bargains offered by Rose Growers, Dept. J.B. Dry Drayton, Cambridge.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS.
Pre-War prices. 56/9 profit on 5/3 board at 2d. per punch. Smpl. 200-hole board 3/9 & illus. cat.—BURDON HUNTER 26, Woodville Road, London E.11.

SCO, the magic oven cleaning powder, quickly disposes of burnt-on grease. Get a tin to-day. You can get it at Woolworths. See page 26.

READERS' attention is drawn to the Oxydol announcement on the Fron Cover of this issue.

FREE! A complete guide to nourishing meals from present-day supplies. A book that solves your rationing problems. Send for a copy at once—it's free for the asking. Entitled "The Stork War-Time Cookery Book," it answers all the questions housewives want explained. Simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Stork Co. (Dept. W.30), Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4.

FREE booklet explains all about the world's finest wringer. Every home should have an Acme wringer—it takes all the toil out of wringing and mangling. Obtainable in portable, or, if you have more room, folding stand models. Take the first step. Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, for free illustrated booklet DS—it is post free—to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, S.E.

HOUSEWIVES! In these days of rationing menu planning will make a greater demand on your ingenuity. To-day successful cooking lies in making the best use of the materials at hand. Huge quantities of Sultanas are now available, and the price of them is lower than pre-war. That is surely good news, for Sultanas are rich in natural sugar. Sultanas can take the place of sugar in many dishes, and you will find them an enormous help in spinning out your sugar ration. A handful of sultanas added to savoury dishes can give a new touch to something different and delicious.

EVERY reader of *John Bull* should get a copy of an interesting illustrated booklet, "Travel in War-time," by H. V. Morton. With each copy will be sent the B.S.A. Catalogue explaining all about the new "streamlight" bicycle, which can be obtained for 10/- deposit and from 2/11 per week. The new B.S.A. "Streamlight" is designed to make life easier during these days of restricted transport. The model has 6 features unobtainable in any other cycle. Fill in the coupon on page 27 and post right away, or if you prefer, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to B.S.A. Cycles, 63, Armoury Road, Birmingham, 11.

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FREE generous sample of a new breakfast food. If you would like to try Weetabix, the cereal of a hundred uses made from sun-ripened whole wheat, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Weetabix, Ltd., Dept. J.B.3, Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Northants. You can save on your butter ration by eating Weetabix with marmalade, jam, honey, paste, cheese, etc. Housewives should remember that there is no waste with Weetabix, no cooking, no preparation. Weetabix is double-toasted to make it tasty. Send for your sample now and be sure to enclose a 1½d. stamp for postage. See page 22.

THE advantages of polished floors are so many that their popularity in the modern home is scarcely to be wondered at. Not only do they save the expense of costly floor coverings, but when properly cared for their brightness and beauty add immensely to the attractiveness of the house. Polished floors are also to be preferred for reasons of hygiene. In maintaining the appearance of polished floors, so much, of course, depends upon the polish used. Much trouble can be saved by the use of a really good wax polish such as "Mansion," which gives a very brilliant and extremely lasting gloss. The care of this polish also makes it a very real help in giving the furniture that brilliant, well-cared-for look. Other very good points about "Mansion" are that it cleans so thoroughly and that it contains antiseptic properties which greatly diminish the risk of germ dangers in the home. Mansion Polish is obtained everywhere in 3d. and 6d. tins and larger sizes.

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IN "Illustrated," just out, are wonderful exclusive pictures actually taken inside Vatican City. You see His Holiness Pope Pius XII at work. You see how Royalty is received at the City; how the Priests broadcast to the World on the City's own Radio. You visit the Crypts where all the Popes of Rome are entombed—and where the citizens come to pray.

Other absorbing complete picture-stories in "Illustrated," just out, are the "Island of Sorrows," by H. V. Morton—"The 'Ark Royal' and her Crew at Portsmouth"—"How stage sound effects are made," etc., etc. There are four complete stories and many war-time Joke drawings—unbeatable value for threepence. Get your copy at once!

ILLUSTRATED

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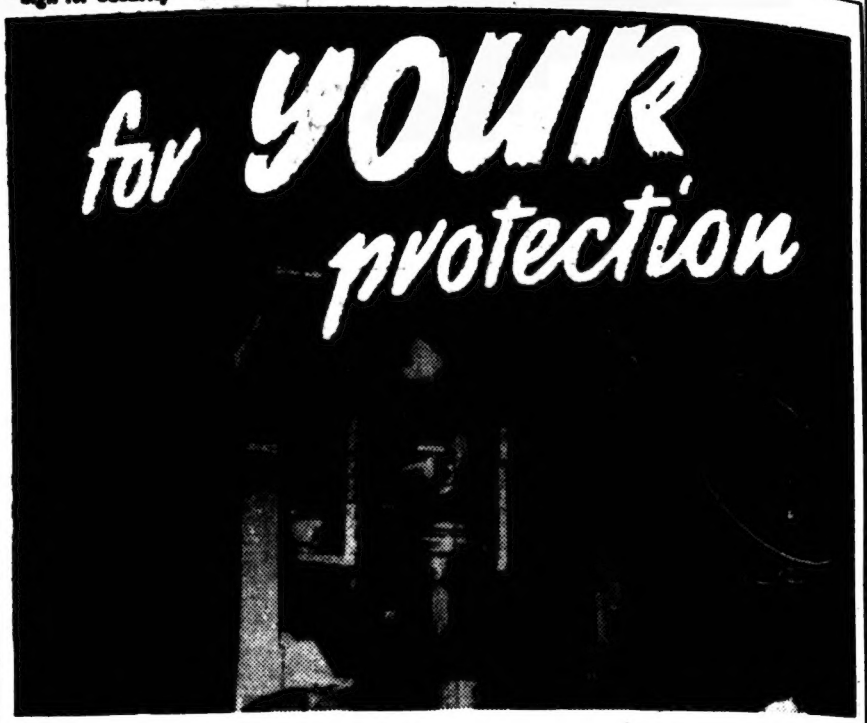

THE night is black—not a sound breaks the silence. Suddenly the detector trumpet picks up the hum of engines—thousands of feet above an unseen enemy plane is racing swiftly inland!—In a moment the position and height of the raider have been located—searchlights hold it in their blaze—anti-aircraft batteries are quick to find their target—yet another Nazi plane is brought down.

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A FREE £200 AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY

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£100 for either.

The following Benefits also apply to both husband and wife:—

£100 for loss of two limbs.

£100 for loss of sight of both eyes.

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IN ADDITION "John Bull" provides Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, BURGLARY, Etc. You cannot afford to delay in securing this Double Protection which "John Bull" offers you FREE. Use Forms below NOW!

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

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J.B. 6/4/1940.

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Reader's Signature.

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Name and Address of Newsagent.

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

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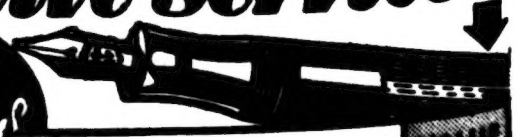

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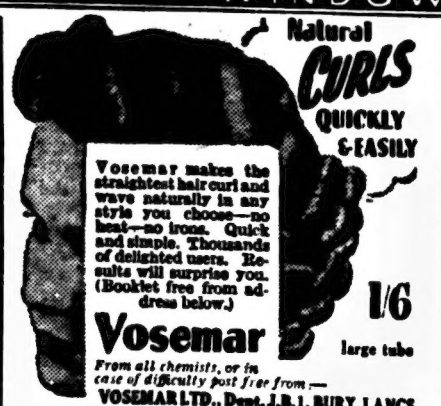

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NOW that Spring is on the way, thousands will turn their thoughts to the joys of the open road. You would be wise therefore to get particulars of the new B.S.A. "Streamlight" range of cycles, all of which can be obtained on easy terms. Fill in the coupon on p. 27, or if you prefer, write mentioning "John Bull" to B.S.A. Cycles, Ltd., 63, Armory Road, Birmingham 11. A free illustrated copy of "Travel in War-time" will also be specially sent to "John Bull" readers who apply at once for the Free Catalogue.

I will give every man over 30 VIGOROUS HEALTH and BOUNDLESS VITALITY

My life's work has been devoted to the cause of health. During many years as editor of a leading physical culture paper, and for the past fifteen as a specialist in surgical appliances and the treatment of rupture, I have helped thousands of men and women to enjoy better health.

AT 50 I HAVE THE ENERGY AND LOOKS OF 35

Ten years ago, when I neared the forties, I determined that I was not going to go on the scrapheap of "old young men" aged years before their time through sheer carelessness. My experience had shown me that in the thirties most men begin to lose health and vitality because they let their abdominal muscles go slack. Weakened abdominal muscles cannot hold the delicate internal organs in their proper place. They sag and are the unsuspected cause of a host of troubles—constipation, indigestion, lassitude, lack of vigour and so on. Like most busy men, I was unable to give time to regular strenuous exercise; therefore I designed a belt—"The Vita-Brace"—which would automatically massage the abdominal muscles with every movement I took. To-day, at nearly 50, I look like a man of 35 and have boundless energy and vitality. Think what this means in business and social life—it couples the experience of years with the vigorous activeness of youth. These are facts, not fancies.

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I can *and will* give you the same glorious health without tiresome exercise or dieting, at a cost that all can afford. Let me help you as I have helped thousands of other men who were losing the joy of life. Let me describe briefly what

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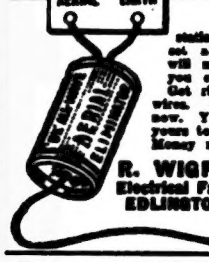

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PROOF:—*Beginner 51044, age 36: "I am really delighted at my progress in the past six weeks, I am now able to play my music with expression and feeling and it is these two things, I think which make music beautiful. Please accept my gratitude, for it is you alone that has enabled me to achieve my one ambition, to play the piano."*

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DO NOT CONCENTRATE ON WAR

Do not concentrate your thoughts upon war subjects. You will find it very worrying and very bad for the nerves. Read, write, sketch, paint, study your vocation; anything that will occupy your mind and your time. Make use of the long dark nights by concentrating upon something useful.

During the last war many people learned how to write short stories, etc.; to-day a number of them are world-famed authors.

By becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. The more you increase your earning power the better it is for the country, and for yourself personally.

War or no war, earning power always brings its possessor to the front. It is no use waiting for better times. The ideal opportunity never arrives. We have to make the best of existing conditions. Therefore, delay is useless; it is worse, it is harmful.

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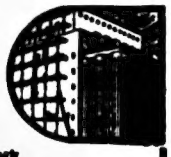

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President and Chairman.

SEVENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT FOR YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1939.

TOTAL INCOME £20,123,046

CLAIMS PAID £136,034,389

FUNDS £108,418,775

ORDINARY BRANCH BONUS.

A simple Reversionary Bonus of £1-10-0 per cent. has been declared on Pearl Policies entitled to participate in full profits.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH BONUS.

A sum of £615,585 has been set aside to provide Reversionary Bonuses to Policies, with certain exceptions, effected before 1st January, 1933.

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. . FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

In a world of surprises Bondman never changes. Tin after tin contains the same even textured, slow burning tobacco; puff after puff is clean, satisfying and *cool* from start to finish.

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RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/2½d per oz. Vacuum Tins
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EMPIRE BLEND .... 1/1 per oz. Vacuum Tins

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1

No Nonsense from Neutrals

TORPEDOING by British submarines of Nazi ships off Jutland, stoppage of Soviet ships in the Pacific, recall of our Balkan ambassadors—these mark the biggest decisions made by our Government since the despatch of arms and men to Finland.

Clear warning has been given that neutral countries must play fair or take the consequences.

One-sided neutrality, resulting in a deference to Nazi demands and a violation of Allied rights, is to be stopped.

Navy to Act

Mr. Chamberlain's Cabinet, with the full approval of the French, has resolved on drastic measures, no matter how loudly the offending neutrals may protest.

We forecast this decision five weeks ago. We can now reveal that, had not the Norwegian Government "climbed down" following the *Altmark* affray, the British Navy would have taken over the policing of Norwegian waters in order to stop Nazi coast-hugging.

Sir Dudley Pound is clearing the decks for action

No Latitude

That sensational plan was not scrapped, but merely postponed.

It will be put into full effect against any neutral country that may offend in future.

The sinking of Nazi blockade-runners in the Skagerak and the contraband action in the Pacific have been reminders that the British Navy is supreme in any part of the world.

Politely, but firmly, neutrals have been warned that they must observe international law or take the consequences.

Stopping the Gaps

There will be a rigorous extension of contraband control.

Hitherto, the Pacific has been open for Russian, Dutch and Norwegian vessels, whose cargoes have undoubtedly filtered through to Germany.

Russia has doubled her monthly imports from the United States since war began. Mexico has been pouring petrol into the Soviet.

Sir Dudley Pounces

Total American shipments to Germany's neighbours now amount to nearly as much as pre-war shipments to those countries and Germany combined. Yet direct trade between the U.S.A. and Germany has entirely ceased.

The inference is obvious.

At last the Navy's C.-in-C., Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, is to be allowed to stop this traffic.

Efficiency of British anti-aircraft guns has been enormously increased by important new gadget.

* * *

Double Strength

This is a double blow at Hitler. He had sent two or three U-boats into the Pacific in an effort to stop the *Mauretania*.

He didn't know that a very strong British naval force was already on its way there—and his U-boats won't relish the presence of our destroyers.

Nor will the neutral contraband runners.

Duce Stands Firm

On other scores, also, the last few days have been unkind to Hitler.

Following the exposure of his Berlin-Rome-Moscow Pact lie, the Rome radio has emphatically and categorically repeated its assurance to the world that Italy means to remain aloof and will not tolerate any disruption of the Balkans.

To short-circuit Allied and Turkish guarantees to Rumania, Nazis are trying to obtain "concessions" in Bulgarian port of Varna, cutting off Rumania from the Mediterranean.

* * *

So the Fuehrer's dream of a Nazi and Soviet thrust into Southern Europe, while Italy merely winked, has been shattered.

It has been decided, also, to put into immediate effect the new Allied policy in the Balkans forecast by JOHN BULL.

Stark Failure

Next, Hitler's agents have confessed that hope must be abandoned of stirring up the Moslem races against Britain.

The immense fortunes spent on propaganda and intrigue in Palestine, India, Syria, Egypt and the Arab countries have therefore been wasted.

Goebbels forgot that Islam is a democratic religion, which demands truthfulness, loyalty and good faith.

We've Got 'Em Beat

Nazis are also worried by the ever wider, ever longer R.A.F. flights over Germany.

They haven't dared to admit (as the British Air Ministry did last week) that it is useless to send up fighters to intercept bombers at night.

So the ordinary German is left wondering and alarmed.

Neutrals say he is beginning to suspect that the R.A.F. has now located every military objective of importance in Germany and is ready to launch a smashing aerial offensive should Goering carry out his threats of an air blitzkrieg against Britain.

Perfect Black-out

Authorities are now nearly satisfied with the black-out in Britain. On the east coast it has reached perfection.

So black that a pilot 1,000 ft. up was able to see a man lighting a cigarette in an Aberdeen street the other night.

On moonless nights even railways, roads and rivers are blotted out, big cities merge into the countryside.

Critics who demand less lighting restriction are wasting their time.

"DOES ANYONE THINK THAT A WAR OF THIS KIND WILL GO ON WITHOUT INNUMERABLE RAIDS?"
—THE PRIME MINISTER

£200 AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FREE FOR EVERY READER

SEE PAGE 4.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 6, 1940. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

More Muddle

Critics of the Ministry of Supply are not beaten.

Mr. Leslie Burgin will soon be under fire again—this time by heavy shells.

It is complained that, because of his Ministry's muddle, large firms are having to close down their night-shifts, though engaged on vital work.

Is Stalin playing a double game with Hitler? He has invited the Turkish Premier to behind-the-scenes negotiations for a non-aggression pact that might be extended to the Allies in the long run.

* * *

Two Reasons Given

The Ministry is not providing the firms with enough materials to enable them to carry out their contracts, it is said.

Enquiries on important matters, referred to the Ministry, are delayed for weeks before they are answered.

Merely a Cloak

Heads of the firms have been asked to say nothing about these difficulties, because of the need for secrecy.

Now they feel that "secrecy" is used as a cloak for bungling.

They have approached M.P.s and asked them to raise the matter in the House.

Publicity, Please

No matter how urgent the need for secrecy may be, they say, national interests will best be served by publicity.

If secrecy is allowed to win we may find ourselves, at a vital stage of the war, without supplies of important weapons.

(Continued overleaf.)

★ A. R. People Still Left in the Dark
★ Grocer Suspects in Chocolate Racket
★ Army "Rejects" Among Unemployed

KEM'S CANDID CARTOON

HITLER:—"IF A POLICEMAN APPROACHES, RIBBENTROP, TELL HIM OUR INTENTIONS ARE ABSOLUTELY HONEST..."

Still Overlapping

A.R.P. is now considered nearly 100 per cent. effective, but waste and overlapping exist still, as Sir John Anderson will soon be told.

Cost of renting premises has been done on an uneven basis. In some cases only a nominal rental is paid; in others, local authorities are being fleeced by unscrupulous property-owners.

Some landlords, victimised by local councils, cannot obtain any payment for rent of commandeered premises.

Great Inequalities

Conditions for wardens are similarly unequal. Some have quarters unfit for human habitation; other posts are overstaffed by ornaments of the local gentry.

Uniformity in training has yet to be achieved. There is a lack of lavatory accommodation.

Some authorities pay 4½d. a unit for lighting the posts, others near by pay only ½d.

Elimination of these inequalities is to be urged in Parliament.

Seamen were banned last week from coming ashore from neutral ships in the Humber, because foreign seamen have been passing news of our ships to Nazi agents when they reach neutral or enemy ports.

* * *

Underwriters Fight

London underwriters are preparing to fight a big test case. They are being sued for compensation for cargoes of scuttled Nazi ships.

Arguing that they should not be required to pay, they have raised a fund of scores of thousands of pounds to appeal, if necessary, to the House of Lords.

Grocers Suspected

Profiteering committees are likely to take action against an obvious form of profiteering.

People who bought boxes of chocolates made by a certain "luxury prices" firm paid the new war prices and then found that the chocolates were stale, undoubtedly of pre-war stock.

Grocers are suspected of this racket.

Munition workers suspected of ca' canny in Germany are being drafted into the Army, but colonels complain they are causing disaffection among regular soldiers.

* * *

Grade III Men

Early in Parliament's new session the Government will be pressed to give a clear ruling on the future of men temporarily exempt from military service.

They are those, marked Grade III by Medical Boards, who bear evidence of past disease or have marked physical disabilities.

Unlikely that such men would be needed by the Army unless we sustained grave losses.

Can't Get Jobs

Because they are of military age, employers will not offer these men jobs. They cannot be accepted for full-time National Defence service.

Many of them are frankly despairing. Their letters to JOHN BULL make sad reading.

The Government must give a clear indication that they are eligible for civil employment.

Praise for Army M.O.

Having previously criticised the Forces' medical services, it's only fair that we should present the other side of the picture.

A reader tells us that her soldier brother contracted meningitis. His parents were sent for and their expenses paid.

They found their son under the care of a specialist, receiving every attention. He is recovering and will shortly be sent home on leave.

"We could not have afforded the treatment he received, and are full of gratitude," says the sister.

Council's Oddities

Housing estates on the outskirts of Bognor are still without main drainage, although full rates are levied on them.

The public health department meets the anomaly with a unique "heads-I-win, tails-you-lose" policy.

It undertakes to cleanse the cesspools once every three months. If they need attention at other times, the tenant must pay 10s. in advance for every visit!

During the winter, some tenants have found it necessary to pay for this extra service every fortnight.

Czech students are being classed as "unemployed" and drafted to Germany for forced labour.

* * *

King's Ransom

As the council must have passed the plans for these inadequate cesspools, you'd think the council would feel itself responsible.

But maybe it is eager to make Bognor Regis worth a king's ransom.

Rent—The Problem

Nearly 300 of the 800 Citizens' Advice Bureaux are to be closed. Rent, chief problem of the war-perplexed, was not tackled by the bureaux.

All rent queries are answered by JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service.

Nazi technicians sent to Russia during the Finnish war have been transferred to the south. They are building fortifications in Odessa and other ports, in case Stalin fails to preserve his doubtful neutrality.

* * *

Sailor's Life

Fourteen readers' sons have been accepted for training by the Prince of Wales' Sea Training Hostel, which has already spent £400 on them.

Another fourteen boys of JOHN BULL families will be accepted if they are aged between 14½ and 16, have perfect eyesight and good physique, and have aptitude for a sailor's life.

But the Hostel needs money, and maybe our readers will help in the good work.

Address of the Hostel, whose patron is the Duke of Kent, is: Ingham Old Hall, near Norwich.

Fortune of War

Little story that the Nazi radio won't tell you.

Captured U-boat captain was taken on a British warship when the crew were running their weekly sweepstake.

As the captive had little money, he was given a ticket, scooped the pool, and has gone gaily to an internment camp with his winnings!

That Man Again

Finally, another word on That Little Man.

Copies of secret gramophone records made by Nazi chiefs have been secured by the French Secret Service.

They have been made in case Hitler is assassinated.

Containing carefully selected extracts from his speeches, they are designed to prove him still alive while Nazi bosses were considering the situation caused by his death.

STALIN'S NEXT MOVE

REMARKABLE disclosures of how Stalin, world puzzle No. 1, is desperately anxious to avoid conflict with any Big Power and has laid his diplomatic plans accordingly, are revealed by Spencer Williams, the "Daily Herald's" Moscow correspondent, who has just left Russia.

After living there for ten years he brings back with him the inside story for which everyone in this country has been waiting.

His on-the-spot revelations, particularly valuable at this moment, are now appearing each day in the "Daily Herald."

TELL ENGLAND!

★ Batteries of telephone kiosks are available at the Ministry of Information. Give the journalists news worth reporting ★

Stupid secrecy can do more harm than all the might of Nazidom. It is the one thing this country will not tolerate. And telling England will mean telling the world how we mean to win

THE difference between a "bed-time story" and the average political broadcast is that the story is meant to entertain children. But we are not children and find no relish in a measure for babes.

Ever since Mr. Chamberlain admitted, three months ago, that if we were *not* taking the war seriously enough it might be partly because he had not told us more about it, we have been waiting to be told.

To be told how the war is going; told good news and bad while it still is *news*; told what is expected of us; and told the truth "without fear or favour."

Instead we have been fobbed off with platitudes, surfeited with stale statistics, patted on the back for saving our pennies, "told off" for inattention and "comforted" with claptrap.

Statesmen have talked to us like Sunday-school teachers. The only thing they haven't given us yet is "the treat."

Discretion may sometimes be the better part of valour, but as a tonic for nerve strain it is just "the dope."

We are sick of dope.

We want honest medicine.

We don't care whether it tastes bitter or sweet, we can take it.

AND "JOHN BULL" URGES THE GOVERNMENT TO-DAY TO TELL THE WORLD WHAT WE ARE DOING TO *WIN* THIS WAR.

Since the Premier made his coy confession early last January, there has been a series of broadcasts by Cabinet Ministers in addition to Mr. Chamberlain's own "progress reports."

Are we any the wiser?

BRITAIN'S farmers have brought nearly two million acres under the plough again this year, but our political announcers have ploughed no fresh ground.

The Premier has reiterated our war and peace aims. We know as much, or as little, about both as we did last September.

Almost without exception, public spokesmen have lagged behind the news already known to British newspapers—news already falsified and spread abroad by enemy propaganda.

What object was served by delaying the news of the recent enemy raid on Scapa Flow? Why was it held up until after the neutral press had headlined the fantastic German claims to a smashing success?

A lie that has been given a good start is never easily caught up, even by the truth.

So, when Mr. Chamberlain dismissed this raid as a trivial incident of warfare, the damage that was NOT done at Scapa Flow was still doing damage to our prestige in the neutral world.

True, no time was lost in announcing our reprisal raid on Sylt. But even in this instance the Nazi propagandists were far cleverer than our own.

Without wasting a moment, they repaired or concealed the damage our bombers had done in one limited area. Then they invited neutral journalists to visit that area and to see for themselves how vain were the British boasts!

WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHY OUR LEADERS, WHO HAD NOTHING TO CONCEAL, DID NOT INVITE AMERICAN AND OTHER NEUTRAL CORRESPONDENTS TO SCAPA FLOW WITH EQUAL PROMPTITUDE.

Like Mr. Ernest Bevin, we are tired of the Parliamentary answer, "It is not in the best interests of the country. . . ."

There can be no answer to his question, "How can a democracy function unless all the facts on which to base judgment are known?"

This is a war between democracy and dictatorship; between the ideal of individual freedom and the idolatry of State Worship.

Questions and criticisms are not permitted in Germany. But they should be expected and, within reason, encouraged in Great Britain and in France.

They are not encouraged. Instead, the Government has left many questions unanswered and evaded much criticism.

The Premier, for instance, never told us *why* he asked Hore-Belisha to leave the War Office.

Mr. Leslie Burgin dismissed three of his officials, and having, he said, nothing to reproach them with, still refused any explanation.

If these were minor matters, the Finnish fiasco was a major example of great decisions being made without Parliament's knowledge.

Why the Allied preparations for substantial intervention in Finland were kept secret so long still puzzles students of international affairs.

The French public grew much more restive than our own over this Finnish tragedy. Beyond doubt, that restiveness hastened the fall of the Daladier Ministry.

Now Monsieur Reynaud, the new French Premier, is making fighting speeches and calling for "total war."

He has set up "at the core of the Government" a virtual War Cabinet, and he has promised "prompt action."

HE will have to deliver the goods because the French people, like our own, are sick and tired of bed-time stories.

THE MORAL IS OBVIOUS. WE HAVE POINTED IT MANY TIMES IN "JOHN BULL."

IF FRANCE NEEDS AN INNER WAR CABINET, SO DO WE. WE HAD TO HAVE ONE IN THE LAST WAR AND, SOONER OR LATER, WE ARE BOUND TO HAVE ONE IN THIS.

So why not sooner instead of later?

It must consist, as our present Cabinet does not, of men who are not tied down to departmental routine. They must have time to think—and time to speak.

Time, also, to see that British aims and British deeds are made known to all the world.

We have a Ministry of Information, yes. It has been reduced in staff, reorganised, renovated from top to bottom, and is still, we suppose, in the throes of Spring-cleaning under the command of its new chief, Sir John Reith.

Not once since the war began has it given any up-to-the-minute front-page news, apart from occasional official bulletins.

Instead, it supplies an endless stream of "nice little stories," useful "fillers" for unimportant columns, and other less useful "fillers" for thousands of waste-paper baskets.

That is not altogether the Ministry's fault. It is thwarted by the Service "brass hats."

Give us, therefore, a Cabinet that will not allow our prestige to be damaged abroad, and our own people kept in blinkers, by secrecy-bitten dug-outs.

NEXT, we want a Ministry of Information that will use the excellent propaganda it now ignores.

DOROTHY THOMPSON, FOR INSTANCE, ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN COMMENTATORS IN THE UNITED STATES, COULD SUPPLY SIR JOHN AND HIS COLLEAGUES WITH BETTER AMMUNITION THAN THEY HAVE EVER MANUFACTURED AT HOME.

"Hitler is in a desperate situation," she wrote recently. "Peace talk is in the air everywhere, and that peace talk emanates from Germany and nowhere else.

"The present Nazi-Communist war of nerves is being fought around the slogan of peace . . . but Europe cannot, and will not, make peace with Hitler.

"Germany has an overworked population and an overworked plant, a dubious ally and a shortage of the most essential war materials—oil, iron, food and money.

"Hitler, therefore, tries to keep this fight on the terrain of nerves."

These are extracts from a single article written by a neutral journalist. They represent an enormous body of neutral opinion, and they and thousands of others no less vigorous could help us greatly to "tell the world" what more than half the world longs to be told.

The "war of nerves" started long before the first gun was fired. To hasten victory we must defeat the enemy in this nerve war no less decisively than on the field of battle.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR—by the EDITOR

The Red Hand of Stalin inscribes the orders to his British Agents

RED HAND *in the* FACTORIES

In this, the second of a series of articles in which "John Bull" is exposing the work of Communist agents in this country, we show how Moscow's agents cause unrest in British factories, do their utmost to undermine the authority of the trades unions

THE "New Propellor," describing itself as the official organ of the Aircraft Shops Stewards' National Council, is now being circulated in all British aircraft factories, despite there being no such council in existence.

It is packed with exhortations for "100 per cent. Trades Unionism" in all aircraft factories, but it is denounced by the real trades union movement.

Even though it pretends to speak for the aircraft workers' trades unions, it is not recognised by the movement, and much of its space is devoted to an insidious attack on official unionism.

Suggesting that there is widespread discontent about pay and conditions in the nation's aircraft factories, the paper mentions that shop stewards in some London works are to hold mass meetings, and **"there is talk of other forms of protest actions and demonstration strikes."**

Shop stewards, for whom this journal assumes the rôle of spokesman, are "key men," in the unions and in the factories. Next to branch secretaries, they are in a position to exercise the greatest influence on the workers.

For this reason they have always received the concentrated attentions of Communist agitators.

Starting Young

It is therefore significant that the publisher who prints the "New Propellor" handles a large number of official Communist Party publications.

There can be no doubt about the organisation behind the "New Propellor." It is inscribed by the Red Hand of Moscow's agents.

The purpose of such ventures was indicated by Mr. Fred A. Smith, general secretary of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, in the Union's Journal, when he said:

"Communist activities are developing on the old familiar lines.

"Evidence accumulates of the existence of a furtive propaganda which aims at fomenting industrial unrest and magnifying every grievance felt by the workers, with the object of disrupting the trade union movement's solidarity."

That object has always been the first aim of the Communist Party; it is far in advance and more insidious than such parrot-cries as "the destruction of the capitalist system," "the victory of the proletariat," and so on.

Apart from printed propaganda, the Communist Party has developed a highly organised and efficient technique, which begins in the factory and the workshop.

When a youngster who has been nurtured by the Communist Youth Movements, which JOHN BULL exposed last week, eventually finds work in a factory, he reports, according to the Party's rules, to the boss of his branch, giving details of his employers.

Efficient interlinked records show what members of the Communist Party are already working in the factory. The boy is instructed to report to them as soon as he starts work.

It may be a single "germ-cell," to use the Party jargon, with which he is ordered to make contact. A germ-cell is a Communist who occupies a job in a factory mainly for propaganda purposes, and is paid by the Party.

It may be a nucleus, meaning a group of Party members already established in that factory.

New Germ-Cell

If there are no Party members in that factory (and that is unlikely), the boy is put through a special course of instruction as a "germ-cell."

Ultimate instructions are always the same. If there is a trades union element in the factory, criticise it, undermine it. If there are reasons for complaint, however small, stress them, magnify them into big grievances.

Lose no chance of blaming the unions for doing nothing about it.

The technique of fomenting industrial unrest is laid down in detail in the handbooks of the Party and a library has arisen about the "nucleus" alone, its composition, organisation, functions.

As soon as trouble simmers, the Communist shows his hand a little more boldly, all as part of the considered plan. The manager hears of it and the Communist is sacked.

Perhaps several are sacked. That is what is wanted.

Out comes the cry of "Victimisation!"

If the Party members have done their work well and chosen the proper time, there is a lightning strike before official trades union officials can reveal the truth.

Then the Party's artist-craftsmen swoop from headquarters.

Reporters for the Party's newspapers interview the workers.

Bill Bloggs, who has never seen his name in print before, reads the impassioned declaration he has made to that reporter chap about the "rights" of the worker.

Never mind if he did not say *quite* that in such well-chosen language. It sounds fine when read to the missus at night—even if you are on strike.

The end is usually the same.

The strike over, men go back to work and the Communists go elsewhere. But they have done their damage.

The men are poorer for the loss of wages. Probably there is an angry employer.

Among some of the men there is a lack of confidence in a union that refused to support an "unauthorised" strike.

Among the men who do not go back, a few recruits for the Communist Party.

Every day there are such incidents in industrial Britain.

If the Communist effort does not end in strikes, the steady insidious work of disruption goes on.

War has been a blessing to the Communists.

Red Fungus Seed

The very circumstances of a country at war are the soil in which the Red fungus flourishes.

The leaders of organised Labour know it well.

They realise that the only effective weapon against Communist penetration is better education of Labour itself about Red technique.

And the place for that is in the unions themselves.

For it is within the ranks of Labour that the Party implants itself most deeply, spreading its insidious propaganda with the cunning that can be expected of the men employed by such a master.

In a concluding article JOHN BULL will show how Communists go to work within the countless trades union branches, creating big problems for Union leaders.

The Human Machine

NO matter with what problem we are faced, we must always realise that it can be solved only by our own efforts.

We can seek guidance, and we can seek advice.

We can accept counsel and help, but *we* must make the great effort.

Others may help us to stand erect; but they cannot keep us propped up. Our own choice, our own free will, our own determination must do it.

The essential difference between someone who is lazy and someone who is industrious is that the one has acquired the habit of being busy and occupied by the constant effort of self-discipline, while the other has allowed idleness to take possession.

At every point in our lives we are faced with alternatives, and the only way to eliminate the undesirable is to deliberately cultivate the desirable.

We can be truthful by avoiding falsehood.

We can be purposeful and thorough by training ourselves, thereby allowing slackness and indecision no room for development.

Only the potentialities for good and evil are born in us. It is for us to say which shall be cultivated.

"A man's real greatness," said someone, "consists not in seeking his own pleasure or fame or advancement, not that everyone shall save his own life, not that every man shall seek his own glory—but that every man shall do his own duty."

It is easy to do duties that are pointed out to us.

It is often not so easy to remember to do those that are our own responsibilities.

Yet it should not be so hard.

There is an infallible test.

"Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you" has yet to be bettered as a guide.

"I Warn You . . ."

PIQUANT, forthright, determined, Lloyd George has frequently pointed a warning finger when he has spoken of his desire to see Britain's acres of food-producing land increased. Demanding greater vigour in the "Dig for Victory" campaign, he has said:

"Food production may well prove to be of greater importance than the size of our army in the fighting of this war."

"Germany has made the restoration of her agriculture an essential part of her rearmament. Germany has learnt her lesson since the last war. We have not."

"You can't dig for victory with a pair of Treasury scissors"—a reference to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's alleged parsimony and indifference towards the needs of agriculture.

"Last time we were within three weeks of having no bread. To-day we say: 'It's all right, the war will be over soon.' Supposing it is not? Be sure of it!"

JOHN BULL opens a great grow-more-food offensive on page 18.

Another Stirring Article by A. G. GARDINER

● *Back from their daring raid on Sylt, these R.A.F. heroes should inspire Britain to take the initiative again, make Hitler dance to the tune called by the Allies*

Full Steam AHEAD!

"THE greatest of all truths," says Carlyle, "is that a lie cannot endure for ever."

It is this truth that gives the assurance that, whether this strange war be short or long, victory will be with us.

For Hitlerism is a stupendous Lie.

While the Lie was unchallenged it had astonishing triumphs. It came near conquering Europe and the world.

When the Lie was challenged the conquest was stayed, and every day since has unmasked the truth behind it.

Hitler's calculation was that by what he himself calls "a drum-fire of lies and calumnies," backed by a monstrous display of power and the bully's truculence, he could so terrorise Europe and so undermine the enemy's morale that he could conquer the world without war.

We should all awake too late to make war practicable.

The calculation nearly came off. But not quite.

And now in the second half of the first year of the war we have some measure of the Lie before which the world trembled and which so nearly prevailed.

WHAT does the experience portend? Which side can contemplate the happenings of the past seven months with most satisfaction?

Let us look at the known and indisputable facts in as dry and objective a light as we can.

Take first the military aspect of the struggle.

The Fear with which Hitler paralysed Europe into impotence was that he was equipped and eager at the first challenge to launch against any enemy that opposed him such an instant and overwhelming onslaught as would stagger humanity.

Not months, not weeks, not days would pass before he struck with his whole might.

"I shall strike like lightning in the night," he said.

And to Mr. Chamberlain at Munich he said: "I will risk a general war rather than delay a day."

It was a gigantic bluff, executed in the teeth of the opinion of his military advisers, as the invasion of the Rhineland and the rape of Austria had been.

It came off then, unfortunately, and was repeated at Prague and Memel. He had every right to expect that it would be repeated in the case of Poland.

But he was mistaken. The bluff at last was called. With what result?

At the end of seven months he has not struck one major blow.

He was not slow to strike when he thought he had only Poland to reckon with. Then, indeed, he "struck like lightning in the night."

BUT NOW, LIKE A RAT CAUGHT IN A TRAP, HE HAS NO THOUGHT BUT OF ESCAPE TO THE REALM OF LYING, CUNNING AND TREACHERY, WHERE HE IS SUPREME.

He fawns on "the scum of Moscow." He throws the Baltic to the vile Stalin as a bribe for his help.

He scours Europe for aid, tries to bully the neutrals into becoming his creatures, fills the world with his "drum-fire of lies and calumnies," poses here as the enemy of Bolshevism, there as the foe of the "warmongering capitalists," sets all his megaphones bawling to the French Army to desert the British.

But he does not make war. Except for his campaign of murder on the high seas, he has done precisely nothing.

And his balance-sheet at sea is not one that he dare disclose to his people.

So far the desperate attempt to isolate this country, which has been the single aim of his war strategy up to the present, has completely failed.

We hold the seas to-day more unchallengeably than at any period of the Great War, and every incident that has occurred goes to show that the German naval tradition has collapsed.

The latest revelation of the end of the *Graf Spee* is conclusive evidence of this.

So, also, is the incident of the *Altmark*.

SO also is the boldness and success with which our Navy is now carrying the war into the Skagerrak and the Heligoland Bight.

Nor is the balance-sheet of the air of a kind to give comfort to Hitler or disquiet to us.

It was in this theatre that the Great Bluff seemed most formidable and most instant.

It is too soon to speak with confidence of this phase of the war.

But what is indisputable is that the *Blitzkrieg* has not come, that in the skirmishes that have taken place in the air the balance of success has not been adverse to us.

And Hitler's avoidance of active war has given us priceless time in which to catch up in the sky.

So much for the war itself.

What of the other war that Hitler is really waging, the war of nerves, of diplomatic intrigue, of lying propaganda, of sops here and threats there—the war by which, as he has said, he hopes to demoralise the enemy and manœuvre victory "without losing one of my men."

That, he says, is "my secret." The trouble here is that when a secret is out it ceases to have any value.

HE IS A LIAR WHO HAS BEEN FOUND OUT, AND A BULLY WHO SHIRKS THE FIGHT.

His prestige is on the down grade. He has sold out to Stalin and has lost materially and still more morally by the transaction.

His precious "axis"—never more than a gambling counter—is dead as mutton, and the sensational *coup* promised for Easter Week, a Berlin-Rome-Moscow alliance, has gone with the wind.

The desperate efforts to detach France from England have failed, and his unwillingness to put the issue "to the touch, to win or lose it all," is causing the neutral world to pluck up its spirit.

It is no part of my intention to suggest that because the war has not begun it is not going to begin.

It will certainly begin, and it will begin the moment that Hitler sees that his "white war" has failed and that the opportunity to strike is favourable.

Still less do I wish to encourage the idea that all is well with us. I am far from thinking so.

When I contrast the frame of mind of this country and the scale of its personal effort with those of France, I am profoundly disturbed.

I am not speaking of the relative sacrifices in the actual war so far.

In that respect, owing to the war being at sea, we have borne the chief burden.

I refer to the collective sacrifices of the people, in which respect we offer no comparison with the sacrifices of the French people.

NOR, though on the whole the stalemate is working out to our ultimate advantage, do I think that the policy of sitting tight and waiting on Hitler has not reached its limits.

WE MUST SEIZE THE INITIATIVE. WE MUST CEASE TO DANCE TO HITLER'S TUNE AND MAKE HIM DANCE TO OURS.

That is the meaning of the change of Government in France.

There must be a more active policy, and a more active policy requires drastic changes in our Government here as in Paris.

Mr. Chamberlain's Cabinet contains three or four first-class men, but far too many passengers, two at least whose presence in responsible office is, as everyone in Parliament knows, a public menace.

It is the clear duty, too, of Labour to take its share of responsibility in a crisis which transcends all Party divisions, and about which there are happily no serious Party differences.

The inclusion of Mr. Herbert Morrison and Mr. Ernest Bevin—to name only two—would greatly strengthen the Ministry in critical directions.

Finally, finance. We have to pay for this war as it goes.

We cannot borrow as we did last time.

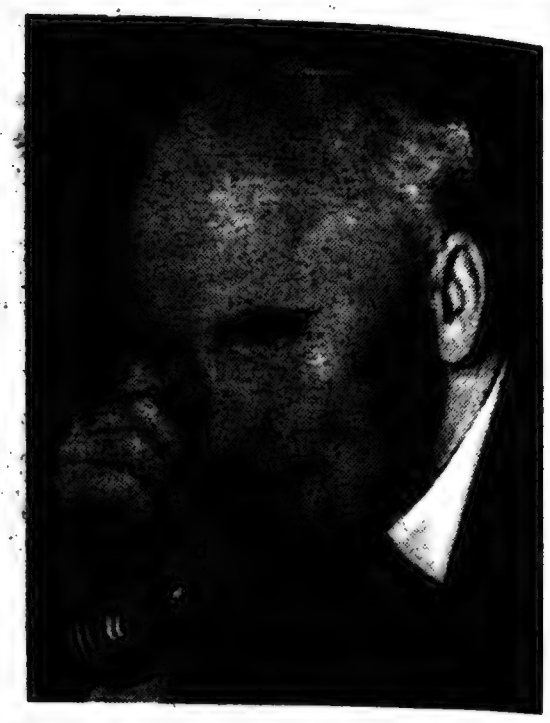
The whole nation must contribute, and I am satisfied that sooner or later something in the nature of Mr. Keynes' scheme will have to be adopted.

Let us adopt it now.

Such a stroke would, in its effect on the enemy and on the world, have the value of many victories in the field.

OPEN LETTERS

PENNY FOOLISH



"You are not only the nation's treasurer. You are also the works foreman"

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—Penny a pint on beer? Lower income-tax allowances? Whether these rumours are true or not, your Budget is bound to be hard.

We cannot pay for the war without sacrifices, and we're prepared to make them.

But we're not prepared to see money wasted.

I can point to a dozen sources of waste. You must stop them up.

Every district has its fuel controller and a staff of assistants. Experience proves that they are absolutely unnecessary.

Nearly every local food committee is over-staffed. There is overlapping and confusion that any business organiser could eliminate.

The central Government Departments have become havens for pin-money wives and idlers in uniform, whose inexperience makes more work for the regular officials.

My revelations of waste in Army camps cannot be disputed.

You know that construction costs for new camps and war factories have been inflated to almost incredible heights.

War contracts still go to firms whose tenders are the highest.

There is no end yet to the scandal of hotels being requisitioned and then remaining empty—an open drain in the nation's pocket.

Muddle in the Ministry of Shipping has thrown fortunes into the sea.

When a country's resources have to be diverted suddenly from normal use it is perhaps inevitable that waste and blunder should make their appearance.

But it is time they were banished.

Now the war organisation of Britain should be perfect; every machine should be running smoothly as the result of seven months' experience.

You are not only the nation's treasurer but also its works foreman.

Second only to our director, the Prime Minister, you can exert pressure on every department from your seat in the War Cabinet.

I do not expect you to be close-fisted.

False economy might expose us to defeat.

Yet I demand from you the real economy that would end squandering, and make it a little easier for the public to bear the heavy cost of war.—JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTOR,
Women's Royal Naval Service

MADAM,—Do you intend to discourage volunteers?

A Northern Ireland woman, losing her job through the war, volunteered for the WRNS last December.

Her references were examined, but she heard nothing until a fortnight ago, when she was told to travel to London at her own expense to see whether she could be accepted.

She has no income of any sort and obviously cannot pay the heavy fare.

You make me doubt the Cabinet Ministers who tell us that every man and woman must help win the war.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. GOEBBELS,
Human Lie Factory

DOCTOR,—Neutrals say that the damage to Sylt was even more severe than was originally believed.

The question you asked for months on end, "Where is the *Ark Royal?*" is answered by the new photographs of her undamaged majesty.

So now it's up to you again.

Maybe you'll try to recapture your lost laurels by telling the world what has happened to the *Deutschland.*

But I doubt it.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. W. S. MORRISON, M.P.,
Minister of Food

DEAR SIR,—You seemed to think that manna would fall from the heavens to feed cattle. Now you fancy that farmers can live on air.

Men who sent pigs to market more than two months ago are still awaiting payment, and can get no assurance from your half-baked Ministry, even though you insist on payment in advance in your dealings with retailers.

Trying to get your bacon for nothing?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. LAWSON TAYLOR,
Hull

SIR,—Soldiers and sailors in uniform could occupy only the 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. seats—according to regulations at a Hull wrestling match you promoted recently.

If you did not intend a snobbish and gross insult to our fighting men, you'd better explain.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER STANLEY, M.P.,
Secretary for War

DEAR SIR,—Overworked doctors passed a Gateshead reservist as fit for service. Within a few days he had to be taken to military hospital. After two months he was sent home to await a possible operation.

Yet he is still awaiting his discharge papers and his Army pay does not allow him to keep on the diet prescribed by specialists.

His appeals have been ignored.

Make your officials remove the cotton-wool from their ears. —JOHN BULL.

Mrs. WINSTON CHURCHILL,
Admiralty House

DEAR MRS. CHURCHILL,—Feeling pleased and proud? You should be. Twelve tons of clothing are being sent to you by American women for the sailors patrolling the North Sea.

Thousands of women, from shopgirls to society leaders, from San Francisco to New York, are busily knitting comforts for our men.

In every city shops display appeals for further help. Nearly three hundred voluntary organisations have already been registered at Washington for this purpose.

Why is Britain kept ignorant of so welcome a contribution to the Allied cause?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Unless your training scheme for the unemployed is a rotten pretence, you should clarify the instructions to employment exchange managers.

A Manchester man, workless for a year and now lapsed from benefit, was offered training provided he paid his own fare to the centre and his board and lodging for six months.

Penniless, he had to refuse. And I refuse to believe that officials were carrying out your intentions.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. CARTER,
West Guardians Committee, Helston

SIR,—A workless miner with a wife and two children applied for relief. He had lost the "dole" because he refused a job that would have meant travelling sixteen miles a day from his home to the mine on a bicycle.

You think he should have given the job a trial, but I am glad your fellow guardians have decided otherwise.

Were you a miner instead of a property owner you might not care to do a heavy day's work in the mine after a long cycle journey.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P.,
Secretary for Air

DEAR SIR,—It shouldn't be necessary to clip the wings of the Civil Air Guard.

One member was told to "stand by" when war broke out, but received no further instructions.

Conscripted in December, he was passed as fit. Despite his flying experience and success in navigational and aeronautical examinations, he was told that he would have to pass before a selection committee because he didn't possess a school certificate.

He is still waiting.

What folly to blunt a young man's enthusiasm!—JOHN BULL.

The RELIEVING OFFICER,
London, S.E.5

SIR,—Officialdom should be quicker to relieve hardship in war time even than in peace.

Yet an old man complains to me that, after receiving a doctor's certificate for extra food, he was sent to and from your office and another without avail, and has been thirty hours without food.

Make immediate enquiries, please.—JOHN BULL.

Councillor F. A. COBB,
Orpington, Kent

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—Charitable soul, aren't you?

A police sergeant, who stopped you for driving with unscreened lights, described you as a most abusive offender. You prayed, he said, that a lot of bombs would drop on him!

Since the Bench fined you £1, you have no doubt agreed with Buddha that patience is the greatest prayer.—JOHN BULL.

"Greatest of These"

They deserve encouragement

STILL bravely battling in an unceasing fight against ill-health, Mrs. Codling, of Kilburn, London, N.W., now needs assistance if she is to be saved from being thoroughly battered by the blows of misfortune.

Her husband, an ex-Service man, is ill in bed, her sixteen-year-old daughter, a victim of tuberculosis, is unable to help in maintaining their home, and Mrs. Codling is having treatment for asthma and heart trouble.

And the two sons, once the mainstay of this unfortunate family, are now serving with the Forces, able to contribute only a fraction of their former allowance to their mother.

Rent arrears have steadily increased, now stand at £5. Everything possible has been pawned to buy coal and food. She is now without hope.

Please do something to revive this woman's desire to fight life's battle. She deserves a new start. She has fought well and with incredible courage.

Donations should be earmarked "All Ill," and addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on request.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

Captive Crashes U-BOAT!

COME into the Seamen's Institute facing the docks of a north-east port, where many of the crews of the little coasting cargo-boats spend their hours ashore.

These coasters carry freight from London to the north, from the north to London, or, maybe, round to Bristol and west ports.

When tall, gaunt figure Dave Mull first came to the Institute in the last war he was in the Navy.

He was aboard the warship that first received the surrendering fleet of Germany.

He is back at the Institute to-day, when his little coaster comes to port. He has no home save the ship in which he sails, no relative save his old mother, living on the west coast and listening to the thunder of the Atlantic on the shore.

Dave Mull is mate of the *Flying Star*, and he needs no chart to take her from Stornoway down to Waterford, then round into the Channel, and so up the east coast to Leith and Aberdeen.

HE does it, they say, by the smell of wind and tide, without a glance at lightships or buoys.

There is not a legend about any rock around the coasts of Britain that Dave does not know. Some of them are so strange that you would not believe them if I told you. But to Dave Mull, Drake's Drum is not a legend, but a psychic fact.

He heard it quite recently when, out of the gloaming, there appeared a German U-boat not far from his ship, as she was travelling down the North Sea.

The U-boat rose out of the sea and began to pump machine-gun bullets at the coaster. Down went the skipper with a wound in his side. Down went two deckhands.

Dave leaped to the bridge, and stood astride the wounded skipper, directing the ship's crew with one hand and searching behind him with the other for the shelf where the rifle was kept.

When he found the rifle he emptied the magazine at the figures on the U-boat's deck, taking careful aim.

The cook was crawling between his galley and the only ship's boat, stowing provisions and water for the moment when they were ordered to abandon ship.

The radio gear was put out of action so they could not call for help. What good was a rifle against a U-boat? Yet Dave kept firing. His aim was enough to confuse the gunners of the submarine, which drew off a bit and then began to submerge.

Dave stopped firing.

He raised his hand, not in an order, but in the gesture of listening. Everyone aboard heard the sound.

It came faintly, the roll of a distant drum. Rat-tat-tat-tat!

The cook stopped crawling to the galley.

The deckhands remained still.

Dave Mull kept his hand aloft, stiffened by the eerie message.

They thought, at first, that it was something from the U-boat. But it wasn't.

Only Dave Mull, the ex-naval seaman, knew the meaning of that queer rolling sound.

"Boys," he cried in the almost complete stillness. "Boys, do ye hear the Drum o' Drake?"

It came again, a faint drumming that deepened in volume until it enveloped the whole ship.

The men looked around, trying to locate it. They looked at the lowering evening clouds, they gazed at the grey seas.

They did not see anything that could account for the drumming. Yet there was something in its note that filled them with an unexpected thrill of defiance.

It was the voice of a commander telling them the fight was on.

Even the skipper, lying wounded beside Dave Mull, heard it.

"We'll get that U-boat yet, Dave," he said quietly. "You take command, Dave."

"Aye," said Dave, "we'll get her, skipper."

YET it seemed that all the odds were with the U-boat. As Dave jammed the telegraph down to "Full Speed Ahead" he saw something skim the waves towards them.

The coaster was sluggish in her movements.

The torpedo struck her astern and threw her quarter high out of the sea. She buried her bows in the waves, and rose again with an effort, all quivering and torn.

"Lower away the boat!"

The crew were at the davits, the boat swung over. Dave grabbed the skipper and dropped down the ladder and laid his burden along a seat. The men were already skimming down the ropes, but Dave went back to the bridge.

He wanted the ship's papers, a few odds and ends that are usually destroyed so that the enemy may not benefit.

He was on his way back to the boat when another explosion shook the ship from stem to stern. Dave was lifted clear of the debris and hurled into the sea on the starboard side.

He rose to the surface, and in the turmoil saw the ship sinking, and the U-boat standing by. He swam to the U-boat, grabbed a rail and clambered aboard.

A bullet-headed officer met him, revolver in hand.

"Are you the captain of that ship?"

"No, I'm the mate."

"Hand over those papers. Now go below."

Dave was a prisoner in the U-boat.

He had been below only a short time when the submarine dived. He was kept below for several days. His treatment was harsh, his resentment was bitter. But Dave Mull had been schooled in a severe school.

He answered the questions of the officers frankly. He even told them things they didn't expect to be told.

He gave them information.

His treatment improved.

When he was allowed on deck he saw they were on the north coast of Scotland. He knew the crags, the run of the shore, the sleuce of the tide. He told the officer information as to what to expect.

The officer became almost friendly, admitted that he was short of fuel, but that would be replenished later.

"If you are short of fuel," said Dave Mull, "why don't you go down among the islands to save oil?"

"It is dangerous among the islands," said the officer. "There are so many on the west coast. Do you know the currents and the shoals?"

"I know everything," said Dave. "I can save you time and fuel."

The officer thought about it, then tested him, standing beside him with his revolver handy. Dave took the ship through narrow passages, past headlands, threaded the way as one who is sure. The officer checked him on a chart.

The U-boat followed his course at night. Dave stood on the conning-tower, giving instructions.

The officer was filled with admiration.

He appreciated Dave's ability as they passed rock after rock, small island after small island. Dave was cool and never hesitated.

The moon waned as they neared an entrance to a channel. Dave conned the submarine as if she had been his own ship. Now half-speed, now full, now quarter, according to the tide.

They cleared the passage. The open sea stretched away on the starboard. They felt that by the rising breeze.

"Full speed," said Dave.

The U-boat bounded forward.

"You can go below now," said the officer.

"Im going," said Dave.

He lifted the German from his feet and flung him out of his way.

Then he leaped overboard.

He was swimming rapidly towards the shore when he heard the crash.

The U-boat, piling along at top speed, went straight into a mass of rock that was barely covered by the waves. She mounted the first barrier, fell on a second row of basalt teeth, tore her sides off against others, and collapsed amid a smother of foam and rending metal.

Dave swam steadily until he reached the shore.

He waded up the beach, where the receding waves roared about him and made a great drumming as the loose shingle rattled down.

ONCE beyond the waves, Dave looked towards the place where the U-boat had gone down.

Only a few pieces of wreckage told the story.

The receding tide roared over the shingle, now whispering, now beating with the sound of a call to quarters.

Drake's Drum was sounding loud and clear.

Dave walked inland until he came to a cottage at the end of a village. He knocked on the door.

Almost at once the door was opened and his mother held out her arms.

"I knew you'd come, Dave," she said simply. "They told me that all your mates had been saved and brought to harbour. I have kept a hot teapot ready for you day and night. You've been in the water, Dave?"

"Aye, mother," said Dave. "I'll have the tea and then I have to report to the authorities. I heard Drake's Drum again, mother."

"I've listened to it every night, Dave," she said. "It do make a rattle on the shore down there."

She meant one thing, he meant another.

At the Seamen's Institute the other day Dave sent a postcard to his mother.

"I'm off on a coaster to-morrow, mother. I'll be calling for hot tea one of these days."

Drake's Drum, which according to legend rolls a warning note when danger threatens England, inspires the hero of this final adventure in the "Fishing for Death" articles by

STUART MARTIN

★

Take my drum to England,
Hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon,
I'll quit the port of Heaven
An' drum them up the Channel
As we drummed them long ago.

"Drake's Drum"
by Sir Henry Newbolt

★

Mr. W. T. Wright

It is regretted that in our issue of December 9 last, statements were published defamatory to Mr. W. T. Wright, of 1a, Lamb's Conduit Passage, London, W.C.

We are now satisfied that there was no foundation for these statements, which are unreservedly withdrawn, and we offer Mr. Wright our apologies for having inserted them.

WRITE THAT LETTER

SIT down and write that letter though you feel that you've nothing to say, and don't let any excuse decide you to put off to another day. For if you could see him waiting for the one link with Home that he's got, you'd never again be uncertain about writing to him or not.

FOR it will make all the difference to him, in those vigilant hours of the night, to have in his pocket, next to his heart, your letter, and to know you're all right. To know that his children miss him, but are happy and cheerful and well. It's just that simple Home Letter that can make Heaven shine in War's Hell.

SO sit down and write that letter, and pack it tight with Home News. Don't write about what you think of the War, he doesn't want that sort of news. *He just wants to feel that your hands have touched the letter he holds, and* that only God and himself can know that you pressed a kiss in its folds.

J. M.

GRIN AND BEAR IT!

Why, He'd Tax Your Ingenuity

By OLIVER PLUSH

ONE result of the war, we are told, has been to make us much more polite and considerate all round.

All excited at reading this, your Uncle Olly popped round to the office of Mr. Shark, the local income tax collector, where the following moving scene took place.

Mr. SHARK (*pushing across box of cigars*): How spiffing of you to worry to look up poor little me, Mr. Plush. Make yourself quite at home.

UNCLE O.: Thank you, Sharky, old boy. As a matter of fact, I just popped round about that spot of income tax I owe.

Mr. SHARK: Forget it, chum. I know you will let me have a bit to be getting on with as soon as you feel you can spare it.

UNCLE O.: That's just the point. I'm terribly afraid I can't manage anything at the moment. I simply must buy a couple of new suits—by the way, you *must* let me have your tailor's address. I've admired that pin-stripe of yours for weeks—so I'm afraid. . . .

Mr. SHARK: Say no more, my dear fellow. By the way, you look a bit off colour, so why not take a week-end at Brighton?

UNCLE O.: It's awfully nice of you to think of me, but I just can't afford it.

Mr SHARK (*producing cheque-book*): This is on me, Olly. Say when. . . .

And now you are giving me cold feet.

Talking of feet, do you know how many cubic feet I've registered this week? It's embarrassing.

Your face is certainly read. There's no chance of squaring you, I suppose?

No. I'm still loyal to the Old Therm.

After his recent visit to Italy, that terrible old fidget, von Ribbentrop, must realise that Rome wasn't bilked in a day.

Cold Comfort

"March comes in like a lion
And goes out like a lamb,"
Says the proverb. But is it well chosen?
For the lamb they display
In the butcher's to-day
Is only too palpably frozen.

Talk with my Gas Meter

Well, how goes it?

Oh, I'm ticking over nicely, thank you.

That's bad. Don't you think you've been rather overdoing things lately?

This is an expensive quarter, you know.

But you seem to be giving me no quarter. I shall find myself in trouble with my bank manager soon.

According to my reckoning, you've already been getting into a lot of hot water.

Waving Palms

More women than ever are said to be racing off to fortune-tellers to learn something about their future husbands, but the average wife wants only to learn something about her present husband's past.

Now You Know

Aunt Agatha has made the discovery of the year.

"I suppose," she writes, "the U-boat attacks are those sinks of iniquity we read so much about."

"Spring Offensive?" enquires a newspaper placard. If the weather runs true to form, it will be.

Enterprise

With the face of Europe changing so rapidly, it is probable that some go-ahead firm of map-makers will soon be bringing out a Late Night Final as well as the usual 6.30 edition.

A Cynic Sings

Fleecy cloudlets; skies of blue;
Daffodils of golden hue;
Prancing lambkins—all these bring
Signs of Spring.

Skies are veiled by driving rain;
Winds are blowing chill again;
And the hail with icy sting
Signs off Spring.

Monocles for women are apparently growing in favour at a truly appalling pace, but all I can say is that a pane in the eye is nothing but a pain in the neck to me.

Eureka!

My detestable old friend Professor Sebastian Snurdge has rung the bell at last. After years of research, he has created a camera with special gramophone attachment for taking speaking likenesses.

FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE

by Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yes, this is our front line, and that woman over there is in No-Man's-Land"

Success Story

MONDAY.—Jones comes into my room humming catchy new tune, which is called "My Baby's a Booby." Admiring his cheerful spirit, I give him rise in wages.

TUESDAY.—Hum "My Baby's a Booby" in morning tub, at breakfast, and throughout the day. A jolly good number.

WEDNESDAY.—Wife starts singing that quite pleasant "My Baby's a Booby" at breakfast. Glad she is so cheerful.

THURSDAY.—Wakened by small son bellowing that "My Baby's a Booby," I tell him sharply that there is a time and place for everything.

FRIDAY.—Entire family, bus conductor, office lift-man, tea shop waitress, newspaper seller, and Jinks, who calls round after dinner, all whistling, humming, or singing that irritating "My Baby's a Booby."

SATURDAY.—That infernal nit-wit Jones comes into my room humming that blue-pencilled piece of frightfulness "My Baby's a Booby." Sack him!

Gardening Note

Now is the time to remember not to return the lawn mower you borrowed last September.

Fashion Note

It is only a coincidence, but the day after reading that twelve thousand sandbags had been stolen I received a letter from Snips, my tailor, advising me that he had just acquired a new range of spring suitings.

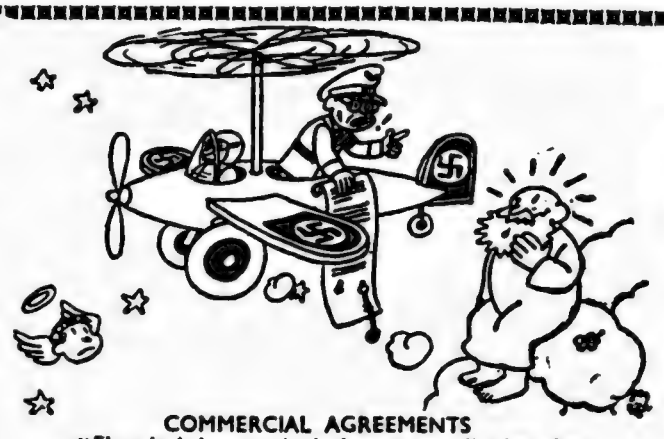
Vive le Sport

Little Griggs gave the shopman a shock when he demanded a pair of the stoutest shin pads in the store.

"Going to play football, sir?" demanded the shopman incredulously.

"No," replied Griggs, sadly. "I'm going to play bridge with my wife."

As Others See It!



COMMERCIAL AGREEMENTS

"Electric halos, synthetic incense, small wings in artificial feathers in return for a free hand and vital space up here."—*La Lumière, Paris.*

Stealing his stuff.—*Washington Post.*

INSIDE GERMANY

No. 2 of a series of articles in which "John Bull" is revealing exclusively what is happening inside the Third Reich now that the Nazi bosses are enforcing even greater privations on the German people in their desperate efforts to prolong a regime of brutality.

Goebbels Fakes Leaflet Raids

They can listen to the radio in Berlin as long as they choose only German stations.

MOST astonishing of all the secret information collected inside Germany this week for JOHN BULL'S exclusive feature is that Goebbels has started his own leaflet raids over German provinces, using his own bombers to drop clever imitations of British leaflets. . . .

Inhabitants of the Ruhr awakened the other morning to find their streets littered with propaganda sheets. They thought the R.A.F. newsvendors had been over again.

They did not know that this was merely another Goebbels trick to discredit what has proved to be a significant weapon in Britain's war effort.

The Ruhr is the apple of Goering's eye because of its satisfactory industrial output, and Nazis are particularly keen to keep it as pro-Nazi as possible.

Copies of the bogus British leaflets, reaching the authorities in Whitehall through neutral sources, prove to be exact imitations even to typography and paper.

But the material they contain is fantastic nonsense couched deliberately in ungrammatical German. They are obviously designed to make a mockery of British leaflets.

The fake-leaflet raid was staged with typical Goebbels cunning.

Nazi bombers passed over the Ruhr at relatively low heights so their engines could be heard by the sleepers below.

Gunfire added to the impression that they were British machines.

But Goebbels showed his usual lack of technique. He overreached himself in striving for effect.

Ruhr newspapers published the leaflets next day, a thing they have never done with genuine British leaflets. Their ill-timed sarcastic comments did more than give the game away to intelligent Germans. They showed that Nazi bosses are afraid of British leaflet raids.

"ERSATZ" marches on, according to the "substitute products" listed in the recent catalogue of Leipzig Fair.

Women's blouses and "house gowns" are now made of fish skin to save cotton, of which Germany must import 100 per cent., and cellulose fabrics, now wanted for explosives.

Favoured fish skin is cod, but bream and hake are used for "luxury" clothes.

The Nazi Government has subsidised several factories on the Baltic Coast where skins are chemically treated, dyed and made into dress lengths.

More than thirty firms at the Leipzig Fair list Zellwolle products, of which Germany now has an annual capacity of 450,000 tons.

Zellwolle, a substitute for cotton and wool, is made from pine, beech and straw.

The wood is chemically dissolved into honey-like liquid, which is pressed through fine holes (about 1,000 in a surface as big as half-a-crown). Threads thus drawn out dry immediately and are spun into cloth.

Most suits below 100 marks (about £8 10s.) are made of Zellwolle.

NEUTRAL observers in Berlin say that night life is more hysterical than at any time since the last war.

All the puritanism introduced in the first year of Hitler regime has been swept away. One Berlin newspaper lists more than 200 night clubs and cabarets in its advertisement pages. Half of them feature nude exhibitions.

Such big provincial cities as Frankfort, Munich and Cologne are the same. Tens of thousands of people, making money in war industries, are spending wildly in the knowledge that it may soon have no value.

Fun is expensive.

Whisky, cocktails, wines cost four times as much as they do in England. A "night out" in an average cabaret, especially if a meal is bought without parting with food coupons, costs £10 a person, at a low estimate.

Hitler encourages this febrile, spurious gaiety, imitating the Roman emperor who kept the populace quiet with "bread and circuses."

There are price concessions to all troops and seamen, who must have something to compensate for the boredom of waiting in full armed strength for a year on poor pay.

Theatres are so full that it is impossible to get a seat, except by booking days beforehand. You can't find a table at a night show unless you arrive before 8 p.m.

The Nazi Government makes money out of this frantic spending.

The State collects about 40 per cent. of the takings on drinks and entertainments.

RELIGIOUS suppression in Germany was mentioned in leading articles in Westphalian and Bavarian newspapers, States that have strong Catholic elements.

"The Gauleiters (Nazi Party State Leaders) have reported a heavy increase in church attendances since the beginning of this war.

"While the Government has no desire to interfere with religious observances, it must be pointed out that it can be overdone.

"We must remember that we are Germans first, and our chief religion should be the Greater Germany of Adolf Hitler."

Ribbentrop's recent "peace mission" to the Pope was an attempt to make peace between Nazi Germany and the Church.

Hitler and his henchmen are worried by the resurgence of strength in the Church in Germany, despite its suppression during the Nazi rise to power.

The Church is the "Achilles heel" in the armour of silence built by Goebbels and Himmler between German people and the outside world.

There are more than twenty million Catholics in Greater Germany, and every priest has access to news from beyond the Reich's frontiers.

This is passed by word of mouth among the congregation.

Knowing how this leakage "inside" nullifies the effects of his propaganda machine, Goebbels has inspired the Nazi order to stop Church oppression and to turn good Catholics into good Nazis.

Imaginary interview in the Black-Out Bus

Twenty Bob's the Limit

EXCUSE me, Mister, but I can't give you no change until you tell me how far you want to go. You wasn't thinking you was on the old Twopenny Tube, by any chance, was you? . . .

What's that you say?

You don't know how far you may have to go, but twenty bob's the limit! . . . Struth, if it ain't Sir John Simon himself! And how right you are!

Nobody except the perishing rate collectors ever has been able to squeeze more than twenty shillings out of a pound!

We've been spending a lot of money since you was on this 'bus last December?

Cor! I wouldn't have your job, not if they paid me your screw, Sir John! . . . But, just the same, you must be feeling pleased and proud to see the revenue rolling in faster and better even than you had hoped.

You always knew you could count on the British public to pay up and keep smiling! . . . Yes, we're good payers all right, and *wouldn't* old man Hitler give a bit to have his public cough up the dibs half so willingly. Why, them Nazis have to put the screw on something shocking to keep going at all. . . .

If you'll forgive me saying so, Sir John, even our crowd won't *keep* smiling unless you give them fair does all the way round. . . . There'd be a hell of a row, f'instance, if you was to clap any fresh taxes on food.

You see, the "cost of living" means one thing to a gentleman like you and something different to a bloke like meself, and pretty near everything to millions of poor women who have to budget on next to nothing all the year round and never have no surplus at all. . . .

You're fond of chess, ain't you, sir, but I'll bet you never had a chess problem so hard to solve as this here problem you've got on your hands now—how to make everybody pay his fair share, and no more than his fair share, of the cost of war. . . .

You say "*one reaches a point in all taxation where an increase in the rate ceases to produce any increase in revenue*"? Yes, that's true enough.

You mustn't kill the geese that lay the golden eggs, and I never was mug enough to believe in "soaking the rich" for everything.

But, if you don't mind me getting down to brass tacks (p'raps I should say "taxes"?) I do hope you'll 'ave a real crack this time at all the rich tax *dodgers*.

They've been getting away with it far too long, forming theirselves into limited companies, *giving* away piles of money to relatives, who would have to pay heavy death duties if it came to them by will, and hiring legal experts to find out any other hole there may be in the net.

You *have* been trying to mend the net here and there, have you?

Good for you, but it takes some doing.

Directly any of those gentry finds one gap stopped, he looks for "a better hole" and goes to it like greased lightning.

If I was you, Sir John, I'd clap a heavy tax on gifts made to dodge death duties; I'd mend every hole in the revenue net that the *big* fish can slip through, never mind the little ones, and I wouldn't hesitate to tax war profits pretty near out of existence.

Even then, I know darned well you may still have to ask us *all* to carry a bit extra.

And we shan't grumble so long as the load is properly distributed. If you'll pardon the liberty, that's the whole secret of a good Budget in peace as well as war.

Argue It Out — *by Pallas*

When Envy Blinds You

SOME people envy me my job. They are misguided people, thinking that the life of a newspaper man is one long round of thrills, glamour, romance.

They imagine that I am constantly meeting men and women whose lines are cast along the rainbow path of adventure and courage, and that because of those meetings my days are spent in a golden haze of wonder.

I have met many such people.

I have talked with murderers and miracle workers, with beauty queens and adventurers.

Many a hardened criminal just out of Dartmoor has tried to "tap" me for a few shillings.

And sometimes, it seems, all the exotic froth of humanity finds its way at one time or another into a newspaper office.

Underneath the veneer, which the world foolishly persists in calling glamour, lies, more often than not, a commonplace mind.

I HAVE been surprised at the low mentality of men described as clever criminals.

I have been equally surprised at the forceful intelligence shown by occasional visitors whose lives and origins were obscure.

Constant contact with the rarer types of humans —actresses, toughs, racing men, writers, politicians, soldiers of fortune, spies, glamour girls—may have broadened my mind.

But such contact has brought me no mental improvement.

I have listened to their stirring tales, endured with them their complaints and sufferings, shared with them their ambitions—*and realised that all the time mine was only a sort of second-hand life.*

I have a seat in the stalls, and I have the privilege of meeting the actors commanding the stage. But I'm merely a prop in the drama unfolded before me.

My life, like that of most men struggling through the years to keep ahead of the "game" (as Fleet Street calls its existence), is cast on similar lines to the lives of my readers.

MEN doing the donkey work on newspapers see little of the romance and breathless adventure that the world believes to be their lot.

They are the sub-editors, the men who dish up in your newspapers crisp, well-written stories of war and peace, of love and hatred, of crime and punishment, of riches and poverty.

From a welter of words pouring into the offices day in, day out, without pause, all the year round, these men take the guts of stories, present them in cohesive, coherent form, dress them tastily and attractively.

Not for them the glamorous contacts.

A few of us in the "game" meet the big shots in life. Yet of those few most are still leading second-hand lives.

Man is destined to live mostly in his mind.

Our visits to cinemas take us into other worlds. Our books fire the imagination. Music inspires secret emotions. All second-hand stuff, this; yet all essential to us in a way.

To live second-hand is to live on others; to experience in a world of make-believe the perils that stay remote, the pleasures unattainable, the adventures that can never happen.

YET when I weigh it all up, I know that such experiences are only the trimmings of *life*—the fundamental urge. The real life is in ourselves, not in the doings of others.

Those envying me my job should envy me nothing —unless it is my starry-eyed baby, or the spring flowers in my garden, or the love of my wife.

Those things are not second-hand, but they are more to me than all the thrills, the triumphs, the wonders that have come to me second-hand from others.

The envious should remember that all of us lead, more or less, second-hand lives.

Some get more second-hand stuff than others.

But they needn't worry.

They have more time and more reason to develop and improve the first-hand life, which is their salvation.

He is a great financier—and a man with a war-winning mind

Hannen Swaffer

INTRODUCING THE NEW LEADER OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT SAYS, "THEY ARE NOT GIVING HIM A REAL CHANCE"

Reynaud is our Good Friend

PAUL REYNAUD was photographed the other day on the steps of the Elysee. He posed with the members of his new Government. They had just been received by Lebrun, the President, to have their appointments ratified.

There were so many of them that the crowd looked like a public meeting.

That is one of the faults of Reynaud's Government.

It is too big.

There was a time when you saw such photographs in the French newspapers twice a year. Governments came and went. They always stood on the Elysee steps, and had photographs taken.

Yet, almost by a miracle, over four years had elapsed since last the cameraman took such a photograph.

DALADIER'S administration had almost beaten the record since the last war.

Then suddenly it fell, to the astonishment of a Britain from which rigid French censorship had kept all news of the impending crash.

Paul Reynaud had indicted Daladier for not prosecuting the war with sufficient vigour.

Bitter things were said in a Secret Session.

"Daladier will form a new Government," everyone said.

Instead, the President sent for Paul Reynaud, who in an hour was being called "The Lion of France," "Another Clemenceau," and "A new Napoleon," because of his lack of inches.

The next day he faced the Chamber for the first time with his new Government.

As Minister of Finance in the last Government Paul Reynaud did marvels to stabilise the franc. He brought in gold and securities from abroad. He was firm and daring.

He would make an admirable Prime Minister, yet even though he had probably drawn together the best Government that the disruption and conflict of Parties would allow, they were already anticipating the Government's fall as I left Paris ten days ago.

We have fewer better friends in France than Paul Reynaud.

He came from the South, the son of a small business man.

When called to the Bar, he went round the world before starting to practise.

HE speaks English well. He is a great friend of Winston Churchill. He is a great admirer of Anthony Eden.

He has many contacts in London.

It was largely because of this that he was able to bring about, with Sir John Simon's help, the economic unity of France and Britain. Another man might have failed.

He is a great financier—and a man with a war-winning mind.

The French Censor's blue pencil kept from the public his quarrels with Daladier.

Senators knew.

Deputies knew.

Leading Socialists in London knew what was happening, for they are in close contact with their French colleagues.

They had been told of the grave dissatisfaction in France over Finland's surrender.

The Foreign Office knew. Lord Halifax knew. So did some people in Whitehall. Yet I doubt whether more than a hundred members of the House of Commons knew anything about it.

"Censored"—in black letters—was all the French people saw, in wide empty spaces in newspapers. They just didn't know.

They read Reynaud's speeches.

"War is a trial of force, in which, once one enters, one abides by the judgment of force," he said. "Our will must be firmer than the enemy's and our union more total," he added later, "for then, no matter what the form of the war, we shall win."

Although they had heard him say, on the air, that the war would be lost unless the will to win was in every mind, they did not know the extent to which he was trying to transmute these words into stronger action by the Cabinet to which he belonged.

When the surrender of Finland brought Daladier down, Reynaud made the best job he could. Yet the men who had been kept from office, or had refused it, started trouble immediately.

Normally, Reynaud is a great Parliamentary debater, both in opposition and in office.

Although 62 years old, he has the vitality of a young man. But he did not show his usual mastery during his debut as Premier in the Chamber.

"The rhythm of our people is too slow," he said.

But there were interruptions.

"The Government will fill the rôle of 'animator,'" he continued, "We want to make war. It is our will to make a war which will enable us, with the least possible delay, to obtain the only lasting peace."

But that, I thought at the time, will happen only when Reynaud has either formed a stronger Government or, placing himself under another Premier, is himself part of a more virile combination.

With the exception of Reynaud, the two strongest men in France are Mandel, now Minister of the Colonies, and Leon Blum. But both are Jews.

Blum and Reynaud, in spite of their political differences, have in common the wholehearted desire to defeat Nazidom.

They do not believe in that appeasement still lingering in the minds of pro-Fascists on the extreme Right.

So narrow is that Fascist view that, by a strange paradox, its niggling, pettifogging opposition to Reynaud reached such a state in his first few hours as Prime Minister, that it fell to Leon Blum, a Socialist, to call the Chamber, in an impassioned speech, to a sense of dignity and patriotism.

Even then, 30 out of the 118 members of Daladier's Party voted against the Government, of which Daladier himself was a leading member! Only eleven voted for it, including the six Ministers!

ALL the rest abstained!

The semi-Fascists of the Flandin type stabbed Reynaud before he started. Although Daladier was still Minister of Defence in the new Government, many of his followers were still plotting for his return.

War was on—but they were still "playing politics" in France.

We unite behind the British Government, whatever our personal opinions, criticising without spite, seeking only to win the war.

Rival senators and deputies still struggle for power in France —and with the enemy held back only by the Maginot line!

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

Big Crook Returns to Mayfair

FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD Diana Pinkham, of Staines, Middlesex, gained prominence as front-page news the other day when the national newspapers described how she had disappeared after going out to pay a tradesman's account.

Among the choice embellishments of what was not an uncommon news story was a headline describing her as the "Daughter of a Mayfair Financier."

The father, apparently head of a large broking house in London's West End, gave most impressive interviews, and was described as bellowing "Tell everybody I am out" to two secretaries when he was told that his daughter had been seen in Town.

This Mayfair financier, Mister William Pinkham, was bathed in the white-heat of publicity's limelight. And he talked so much about kidnappers that the susceptible public, anxious for the child's welfare, breathed a sigh of relief when the sensation proved a damp squib.

Diana was staying with friends of her parents in another part of London.

When the sound and fury had died, a John Bull investigator went to have a look at William Pinkham, now busy with his business again.

He was found to be manager of W. E. Batchelor and Company, business agents, of Charles II Street, The Haymarket, London, W., apparently "Established Staines, 1926," with D. Pinkham and W. E. Batchelor as partners. Its slogan, "Business Opportunities," seemed most familiar.

It is an unpretentious office, and the firm occupies only two rooms in an old building a stone's-throw from Piccadilly Circus.

NO secretaries were available, but there was a young woman in charge.

Nobody seemed to know that actually the firm was registered **only last December, that while Batchelor and Diana Pinkham were proprietors there was no mention of William Pinkham on the official file.**

Probably that was because William Frederick Hector Pinkham, to give him his full name, had only emerged from jail, after serving three years' penal servitude, a few months before he rented this office.

Because I think the public has a right to know with whom it is really dealing, I must tell you the full story of this man who fancied himself as a Mayfair financier, lived in famous country mansions, gave champagne parties, boasted of his private swimming-pool and presided over local fêtes.

There was a time when he was boss of a racket called "F. J. W. Kirkwood, Ltd., business opportunities agents," of Sevenoaks, Kent.

AFTER entertaining lavishly at a local mansion, he disappeared when the company was so steeped in liabilities it was wound up with a deficiency of £23,968, which came mostly from people in search of business opportunities.

The "Kirkwood" family, Diana, the mother, the child who recently figured in the vanishing trick, two other children and the old man, made off one day in a car.

After "Kirkwood" had received one of his many sentences for fraud, Diana wrote a story of her experiences, describing how for twelve years she had lived with this Mayfair financier, who deserted his wife, dodging the police as they moved from town to town.

She is now a partner in the broking business.

Pinkham has made a habit of vanishing. He has used a false beard to disguise his features, and a collection of waistcoats to disguise his figure; he has made money by floating dubious companies, one to finance a chain of political newspapers, another to start a mammoth entertainment centre.

Among the many hardworking, thrifty men who have been his dupes, one committed suicide. His victims are legion, and when he was last sentenced a detective told the court:

"He has been leading a dishonest life since 1927. He has left a trail of unpaid bills to the extent of thousands of pounds. He is a clever swindler."

Spotlight, please, for Mister William Pinkham, the Mayfair financier!

William Frederick Hector Pinkham, the Mayfair financier, has been duping people for many years

Artful Coloured Codger

"MIRA KHAN" is one of the many aliases used by an impostor who just hates pawning his gold watch. He tells you so quite frankly when he confesses that, through no fault of his own, he has run out of funds, and if you are not very careful you'll fall for his winning, white-toothed smile and save him the formality of going to the jeweller.

That's all he wants.

He will run a carefully manicured hand through his black frizzy hair and express his gratitude in the words of a poet. But you can bet a trouser button to a battleship that you won't see your money again.

He poses as an Indian Army officer on furlough in this country, scrapes acquaintance with women whose husbands or sons are serving in India, and is so clever at unearthing details of their family history that he can soon pretend to have either known the men, or at least to have served in their regiment.

Several women in the Home Counties, especially in Middlesex and Surrey, have parted with money when he has explained that, through illness, he has not a penny left in his pocket.

He usually wants to travel to Liverpool to join his ship, tells a most convincing story about paying £10 a week for a private ward in a Midlands hospital, and promises to repay the loan.

And his charm is more costly than any film star's smile.

Slogan of Triumph

"ENTIRE Premises to Let" is the slogan now hanging outside offices in Burleigh Street, London, W.C.2.

Those offices were occupied by World Says, Limited, managed by Alfred Leigh Augustine Walker-Greig, about whom I revealed some pertinent facts (John Bull, March 16).

After my exposure, the company was forced into liquidation. Creditors include a firm of printers, holding a twice dishonoured cheque for £70, and a victim who put £300 up to get a job.

Now I can reveal that Greig was sentenced (as Alfred Saint John Seaforth) at Dorset Assizes in June, 1938, to ten months for fraudulent conversion, had already been to prison for fraud, has operated in Canada, and is known to the police as "a plausible rogue who displays a certain amount of cleverness in keeping just within the law."

Public Benefactor

MRS. K. CHIRM, of Stonebroom, near Derby, receives this week's guinea. She sent me details of a new house-to-house "catch" for housewives.

Write to me about anything that calls for investigation. I want to do a public service whenever possible.

Mark your envelopes: "Public Benefactor."

What's in a Name?

"It was left to Dr. S. B. Niblett to at last discover the remedy that would not only bring alleviation, but, by building up the patient's vital forces, finally render him immune from the dread scourge."

APART from manhandling the English language, there are several striking factors in this advertisement for a cure for epilepsy.

Advertisements for this cure are startling. . . . "London Doctor's Amazing Discovery in the Treatment of Epilepsy . . . Fits . . . Permanent Recovery Now Possible. . . ." And those sufferers attracted by them receive most impressive printed replies from C. P. Niblett, of Basinghall Street, London, E.C.2, who also offers bottles of "Dr. Niblett's Vital Renewer" at 5s. 6d. each or 55s. a dozen.

He conducts his business mainly by post.

There is no need to explain that it is highly objectionable for cures for such grave complaints as epilepsy to be sent through the post.

Only a short while ago the Proprietary Medicines Committee said that advertisements in which claims were made either directly or by implication to cure or relieve epilepsy and fits should be banned.

It would be difficult to say this to "C. P. Niblett," because there is no doctor of that name. In fact, "C. P. Niblett" is the business name of C. N. Whitley, who gives no medical qualifications at all

Whatever virtue the "Vital Renewer" may possess, I think it always desirable to consult qualified practitioners only for treatment of such serious ailments.

BE WARNED!

BURGIN AND COMPANY, of Red Lion Square, London, W.C., is the cloak of a much-convicted jailbird. That's why you should be careful when it comes to answering the firm's question, "Can Hitler starve us?" Would-be investors are wooed by impudent statement that Adolf might get away with it—unless you give the company money to finance alternative foodstuff schemes.

G. PRESTON, of Tanner Street, Barking, London, E., is well known to old persons whose names appear in the newspapers when they celebrate golden weddings. He writes to say that his family has undergone every conceivable privation.

A NEW **"CHARITY" RACKET** is being worked in London suburbs and provincial towns. Men collect funds to brighten lives of evacuee children during the summer months. Ask for credentials before you give. And remember house-to-house collection is now an offence.

More Fowl Tricks

NOT even poultry farmers have escaped the attention of those rogues determined to make money out of the war.

Eager to increase their stocks to meet the demand for fowls created by rationing, small farmers and poultry-keepers have fallen easily for grandiose advertisements offering fancy birds at moderate prices.

They have been most impressed by the circulars sent out by the advertisers in reply to their enquiries. But they have soon been disillusioned after parting with their money.

Typical is the anger of one complaining farmer who ordered a number of birds which had been advertised in attractive terms and sent a money order.

After weeks of waiting, during which he sent a number of reminders to the advertiser, he hasn't even received an acknowledgment!

Among the men running this mail order business, and about whom trade papers have received complaints, is a versatile crook who has for many years been promoting "bargain" ramps.

When you realise that he is the sort of man behind some postal offers, you may take more care to test the *bona fides* of the advertising firm before parting with money for poultry—or anything else.

The Advertising Association, I can add, has complaints about several men of dubious character who are specialising in produce swindles by post now that food rationing is causing so many problems among small farmers and traders dealing in unrationed foodstuff.

Your FOOD

SEE WHAT YOU EAT!

POULTRY — Three fowls a year for each person, and an egg nearly every other day.

MEAT — 66 lb. of beef, 41 lb. of pork, 30 lb. of mutton and lamb, 3 lb. of veal.

BUTTER — When not rationed, 24 lb. a year. One-tenth is home-produced

BREAD — 1 lb. a day; about 182 half-quartern loaves a year.

VEGETABLES — 2½ cwt. of potatoes, 1½ cwt. of root vegetables and greenstuffs, 20 lb. of onions and 17 lb. of tomatoes.

DOWN in Whitehall a gramophone is playing, "I want two million acres. Give me two million acres. I must have two million acres."

It is the voice of the Minister of Agriculture appealing for more plough-land. His critics claim that all that he can say since the war broke out is "I want two million acres." Repeating it is his only war policy, they declare.

Now two million acres isn't a lot of land viewed nationally.

It is rather more than half the acreage of Yorkshire, to be approximate.

Will two million extra acres save us from starvation?

We'll see.

Among the vital statistics filed away in Whitehall is one record we shall keep reminding you about in the next few weeks.

It is in the Minister of Agriculture's own library. It was worked out by his own mathematicians. It says that the amount of plough-land we had when war broke out was just sufficient to feed us for 120 days in the year.

Now there *is* a vital statistic, if ever there was one.

Like all vital statistics, it can be thrown about like a juggler's Indian club, to give just as many curious and interesting effects.

One moment you can see that for 245 days every year we must bring our food to Britain by ship—or starve.

Another way of looking at it is that if ever the German blockade is as effective as Goebbels pretends to the German people that it is already, we shall have to confine our eating to week-ends.

We shall have to whistle while we work for the other five days.

It's worth playing with this figure for a little longer.

WE CEASED TO BE SELF-SUPPORTING IN THE MATTER OF FOOD ROUND ABOUT 1874. IN THAT YEAR WE PLOUGHED FIFTEEN MILLION ACRES, WHICH YIELDED ENOUGH FOOD TO FEED OUR POPULATION OF 23,000,000 FOR 365 DAYS OUT OF 365.

WE IMPORTED SOME. BUT WE EXPORTED SOME, TOO. THE CLEAR FACT REMAINS THAT, SHORT OF PUTTING ASHORE LANDING PARTIES TO STEAL THE BREAD FROM OUR TABLES, A THOUSAND OR EVEN TEN THOUSAND U-BOATS, IF THERE HAD BEEN SUCH THINGS, COULDN'T HAVE MADE US PRACTISE SELF-DENIAL TO THE EXTENT OF A SINGLE CRUMB.

But enough of 1874.

We've become town-minded since. We are intolerant of antiquated statistics.

The beginning of the last war is about as far back as we'll consent to go nowadays. We had 10,998,254 acres under the plough in 1914, enough to feed us for 170 days of the year.

Under the lash of U-boat destruction of our merchantmen we increased that figure by 1918 to 12,398,640 acres—making us self-supporting, as far as food was concerned, for 190 days in the year.

We should have learned our lesson after 1918. Instead . . . with five million more mouths to feed and six million fewer tons of shipping than we had in 1914, we embarked on another gigantic war with a record low-figure of 8,926,000 acres under the plough.

Food for 110 days a year.

Now, we're not flinging that hard fact in the face of anybody, least of all the Minister of Agriculture.

The responsibility for that rests not on one Cabinet but on a succession of them; not on one Minister of Agriculture but every Minister of Agriculture for twenty years.

Inquests not held before September 3 last need never be held at all now. We want to know what the Government has been doing about it since war broke out.

We've got the guns, we've got the food? No one is only on the fringe of So "John Bull" launches a

Twelve Point

All we can get from the Minister of Agriculture is that gramophone-like chanting of "I want two million acres. Give me two million acres."

The self-preening of his department with every new patch that goes under the plough is something rather sad.

BUT a mere two million acres more!

Really, this is playing at war!

Hasn't the Minister read anything about German ruthlessness at the expense of our food-ships? Can't somebody in the Cabinet tell him?

TWO MILLION MORE ACRES WILL STILL LEAVE US WORSE OFF WHEN OUR MAXIMUM EFFORT IS REACHED THAN WHEN THE LAST WAR BROKE OUT.

THE AIM SHOULD BE ANOTHER 8,000,000 ACRES. WE OUGHT TO DOUBLE OUR ACREAGE OF PLOUGHED LAND, AND WE COULD, IF THE MINISTRY HAD THE GUTS TO AIM HIGH ENOUGH AND THE INTELLIGENCE TO HUNT OUT THE ACRES.

Well, what has it done in pursuance of its faint-hearted policy?

The moment war broke out and the enemy was at our door—it is the German's good luck that so-called civilisation has given him the weapon that suits the German mentality—the Minister of Agriculture knew that we wanted more plough-land.

Not by any act of thinking did he know, because the Cabinet had given him the mandate to

Eager hands are digging everywhere. They must be joined by many thousands more and without a moment's delay. Every spade is essential.

...got the men . . . Have we ...oing short yet, but we are ...itain's grimmest struggle. ...reat national campaign of

...s for Victory

prepare a comprehensive scheme months before.

All he did was to pitchfork the job on the Ministry's own Lands Department, a department which, if you please, is ordinarily devoted to tithes, small holdings and land settlement.

He could have done one thing more stupid.

He could have handed it over to the Fisheries section of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.

Now the Lands Department scratched its departmental head vigorously. It had got to find new acres, and it is a department that doesn't prowl far from Whitehall as a rule.

Then it hit on an idea.

"I know," it said. "We'll see what we did last time. It will be easy to find out and do it again."

IT did. It appointed county committees to start the big ploughing and digging campaign, excellent committees, embracing experts, and doing their jobs loyally, enthusiastically and well.

It appointed such committees because we did the same thing "last time."

UNFORTUNATELY, THE LANDS DEPARTMENT APPEARED TO FORGET ONE THING. IT FORGOT THAT THE LOCAL COUNTY COMMITTEES ARISING OUT OF THE GREAT 1914-18 DIG FOR VICTORY ARE STILL ALIVE.

THEY SURVIVE TO-DAY AS AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEES OF THE COUNTY COUNCILS, MAINTAINED AT THE EXPENSE OF THE GOVERNMENT AND THE RATEPAYERS.

They have the best experts already. Their experts know the soil as a good manufacturer knows his factory. They understand local problems and peculiarities as the good workman knows his tools.

ONCE IT WAS SUGGESTED THAT THEY SHOULD CARRY OUT A LAND SURVEY OF THE SOIL OF BRITAIN TO FIND OUT ITS WAR POTENTIALITIES.

They weren't allowed to. Yet they get about and see things. They all carry the results of a land survey of sorts in their heads.

How easy it would have been to get an extra four million acres or even five million acres in next to no time by drawing on this knowledge.

Instead, they were apparently forgotten.

They were certainly short-circuited. There's no "apparently" about that.

The poor farmer doesn't know in which direction to look for help and advice. And in this atmosphere the Ministry has to search hard for a few dozen extra acres when there are hundreds under its nose all the time.

Anyhow, a search of sorts goes on.

To the credit of the British farmer, three-quarters of the new plough-land available has been offered voluntarily and heartily, although (notwithstanding a genuine promise by the Prime Minister that a reasonable price will be paid for crops) there is a big gamble involved.

Old turf, remember, breeds pests, one of them the wireworm. Then reclaimed soil doesn't produce the best of crops at once. The farmer has to get his produce before a guarantee as to the price of his produce means anything.

RACECOURSES, parks, golf-links, building sites and other such estates represent, in many cases, just the land the ploughman wants.

But such land isn't under the control of the Ministry of Agriculture or its local satellites.

War-time emergency legislation gives the Ministry power to occupy agricultural land in the national interest, but the definition of agricultural land is land that has been de-rated.

And that lets all such estates slip out of our fingers, except in the case of parks, de-rated because they were grazed commercially by sheep or cattle.

Special legislation will be necessary before such land can be "entered" and broken up. We want it now.

Mr. Would-be Allotmenteer, wanting a 10-rod allotment to feed his family and help the country, can't get anything within two miles of the house.

The soil that he covets near at hand, which will be covered with weeds as long as the war lasts unless something is done about it, is land the Ministry of Agriculture cannot touch.

Let's forget classifications.

To Hades with rating distinctions! When the country wants soldiers it takes them.

Why should it hesitate in the case of land?

The most suitable land should be worked first. Then the poor pastures. Then the waste land. Even bracken-infested land should be ploughed when its turn comes.

And never, never, should we let the land we have reclaimed go back to waste.

The biggest problem of the county committees concerns farm-land on which a lot of money must be spent before it is workable—money that the farmer can't find.

Committees realise that if they found the money they wouldn't be in occupation long enough to get back an appreciable amount of their outlay.

It wouldn't be right that the taxpayers' money should revert to the landlord, who isn't necessarily the farmer.

SUCH LAND SHOULD BE BOUGHT, UNDER COMPULSION IF NECESSARY, AT A FAIR PRICE. IT SHOULD BE PUT UNDER THE PLOUGH IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST. EVERY PENNY OF *YOUR* MONEY SPENT IN DEVELOPING IT SHOULD REMAIN YOURS.

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE WANT LAND FOR AERODROMES OR CAMPS. WHY SHOULD WE BE AFRAID OF DOING IT WHEN WE WANT FOOD?

Then we could continue with the search for acres.

All available land within Aintree racecourse has been ploughed, but Aintree isn't the only racecourse.

Parks have been ploughed, but they are not the only parks.

There are the privately owned parks of wealthy country-mansion dwellers. Those should be the first parks to turn up their brown soil.

Three million acres of arable and pasture land in the Highlands and islands of Scotland have been devoted for generations to raising deer and grouse.

THREE MILLION ACRES.

THINK OF THAT WHEN YOU HEAR THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE SPEAKING AS IF ANOTHER TWO MILLION ACRES UNDER THE PLOUGH WOULD LEAVE US WITHOUT GREENSWARD.

FOR twenty-seven years the Scottish Board of Agriculture has had the power to reclaim as many of these acres as it chooses.

It has been urged to do something of the sort to stop the decay and depopulation of the Highlands.

It has done nothing.

We'd be deceiving you if we suggested that *all* these three million acres could be reclaimed as arable and pasture land in time to have some bearing on the result of this war.

But we'd be deceiving you just as much if we suggested it could make no contribution to victory.

There are vast tracts of moorland rich in vegetation and ideal for grazing in Derbyshire now used for grouse shooting, a sport enjoyed by comparatively few and then only for a few weeks in the year.

Thousands of farmers could give more acreage to crops if they were found more grazing room. And these moorlands are grazing par excellence. Sheep turned on them would be almost independent of imported foodstuffs, and that means saving sailors' lives.

Extra acres have to be found.

If the Minister of Agriculture thinks we should stop at an extra two million acres, he should take off his kid gloves and think again.

IF HE MADE IT FIVE MILLION ACRES WE SHOULD STILL SHOW LESS THOROUGHNESS THAN THE GERMANS DISPLAYED IN BUILDING THEIR SIEGFRIED LINE.

DO THEY LOVE THEIR COUNTRY SO MUCH MORE THAN WE LOVE OURS?

Doesn't the Minister realise that this matter lies deep at the roots of the British conscience?

We don't want thousands of our sailors, fine British stock, to risk their lives convoying the food that we could be growing at home.

The Germans can't beat that Navy. But they are doing the next best thing, from their point of view, when they keep it on convoy work.

"Plough versus submarine."

That's how Sir Basil Brooke, Northern Ireland's Minister of Agriculture, describes this war.

LET us introduce Sir Basil properly, by the way.

The North of Ireland was told what ploughing it should do to ensure victory. It is doing it—and thirty per cent. more.

It proves our point that we could find an extra eight million acres if we tried. We would do it easily, if we made the same effort as the North of Ireland.

TO RETURN TO THE THREE-WORD SLOGAN: "PLOUGH VERSUS SUBMARINE."

It is the most outstanding utterance of this war. It tells you more about the war than whole bookshelves uttered by our own Cabinet Ministers.

We can think of another three-word statement—by Lloyd George—that is almost as good.

He describes the tragedy of our mishandling of the war in the words: "Little and late."

All too often we did too little. Then we did it too late.

Two million acres is too little.

Are we going to make full use of the good earth of Britain too late?

It may well be that on the answer to that question the whole fate and future of the British Empire will depend.

And make no mistake, the fate and future of the British Empire is the fate and future of you.

NEXT WEEK:

The Great Allotment Muddle.

HAUNTED — by Myself!

HUMANIST says: We are frequently too severe with those who complain of their "nerves." They really do suffer. Have you a problem?

NORMAL persons, free from eccentric fears, are inclined to scoff when they hear somebody confessing to being afraid of some nameless terror, and "phobia" has come to mean anything but what it should.

Yet we are quite wrong in being severe on these victims of "nerves." They really do suffer.

And the medical profession, realising their suffering, has tried to help, inventing terrifying words for fear of being alone, fear of being in a crowd, fear of being enclosed in four walls, fear of heights, and so on.

Among the latest of these names is "siderodromophobia," which means fear of travelling in trains.

You realise what I mean more precisely when you read this letter from a twenty-eight-year-old neurasthenic, who says he has been a victim of nerves for ten years, yet physically is as fit as a fiddle.

"I have many things to be thankful for," he says, "but they seem merely a mockery compared with my unreasoning fears.

"I could give a list of these eccentric fears, and I have wondered whether some useful purpose might not be served if other sufferers would describe their experiences.

"Doctors have little patience with you, and specialists say, 'You'll be all right in time. Just think of the lovely sunset and the beautiful flowers. And—three guineas, please.'

"I don't suppose it troubles them much.

"A sober person cannot understand a drunkard, but another drunkard can. The same applies to victims of nerves.

"I often feel like committing suicide, and what I need now is not scientific theory, but practical advice on how to overcome the weakness.

"Yet only those who have had my experiences will be able to understand and help."

"I have many things to be thankful for, but they are a mere mockery compared with my unreasoning fears"

Normally healthy people often have slight attacks of these unreasoning fears.

Watch the man who always gets in the middle of a train, for fear of accidents!

When the specialist advised my correspondent to think of lovely sunsets and flowers, he was telling him to direct his attention outwards instead of within.

The trouble is that the neurasthenic cannot make himself do these things to order.

ANOTHER victim of neurasthenia tells me that the war has revived his fears after several years of relief, and he is struggling desperately to remain normal.

"I first began to suffer at the age of twenty," he says. "I had recently left the Navy after three years afloat.

"For two years I could not do a stroke of work.

"I attended many hospitals in vain. The symptoms were those usually associated with the illness. I felt I was going to die; I had no confidence in myself; I worried over the smallest trifles; and I could not bear to be left on my own.

"I was a total wreck.

"Two years ago I went to a specialist, who did what no other doctor had done. Instead of saying, 'Try to stick it! Fight it! Dont be beaten!' he gave me a series of one-hour talks, using psychological methods.

"I was sceptical that words could do any good, but, to my surprise, I derived more benefit from this treatment than from all the other doctors and medicines.

"I felt better, faced life with renewed confidence, got a job and stuck to it."

Then he describes how the old trouble suddenly returned when war started. But he could not afford to have any more talks at three guineas a time.

"I am only earning £3 a week," he says. "My rent is £1 a week, and I have a wife and three children to keep."

THIS man knows he can be cured, yet cannot afford to pay the price.

There must be hundreds of others in the same difficulty.

Still, the idea that neurasthenia can be cured by simple talks is important. It means that the trouble is due to wrong thinking and that the mind needs re-educating.

It is a slow process.

The psychologist needs to gain an intimate knowledge of early childhood. Sometimes he has to find out something that has disappeared from the conscious memory.

Even if he discovers something that happened when the patient was only fifteen months old perhaps, he still has to deal with the present problem.

It is one thing to explain where a river rises, but quite another to change its course.

That takes time, sustained effort, and infinite patience.

When the trouble is slight, a man may help himself by facing problems instead of dodging them. When it is serious, he needs the help of an expert.

Another problem about which I should like readers' opinions is suggested by a letter from a man who says that, until recently, he has always managed to find a way out of his own difficulties.

"Now I appeal for your advice," he adds. "I have earned my living since I was fourteen, and have always tried to be honest.

"Before the war I was travelling on commission only, and when my firm closed down I was not eligible for Unemployment Benefit.

"I was at a dead end.

"I wrote after situations and walked miles in search of jobs.

"Eventually I was introduced to a tradesman who agreed to take me on immediately. I was offered only a small wage, but he explained that he really wanted a boy. I don't grumble about that. I was only too thankful for help.

"What is worrying me is that he is dishonest, and expects me to be the same. Samples of goods are placed on the counter, but the customer does not get the same things when the orders are made up.

"When I pointed out that packages were short weight, he said, 'You can't afford to be too honest nowadays.'

"Yet I am expected to attend church with him on Sundays!

"I told the curate about my problem, but he advises me to stay on until I can get another job. He says I should have difficulty in proving my statements.

"But if an inspector made a purchase and a prosecution followed, I should have to go to prison. I could not afford to meet a fine, and my employer would not pay.

"I have only a few shillings in the world, and my only relation is an invalid brother as badly off as I am."

The writer, obviously a religious man, cannot reconcile church-going with shady practices in business. The professions of Sunday cannot be set aside from Monday to Saturday. It is a matter of conscience.

The fear of being caught and punished is a smaller motive, because it would influence the dishonest as well as the honest.

There is the problem.

Shall he carry on, stifling his conscience and his fears of being found out? Shall he throw up the job and be left with a few shillings?

I have advised him to resign and risk the consequences.

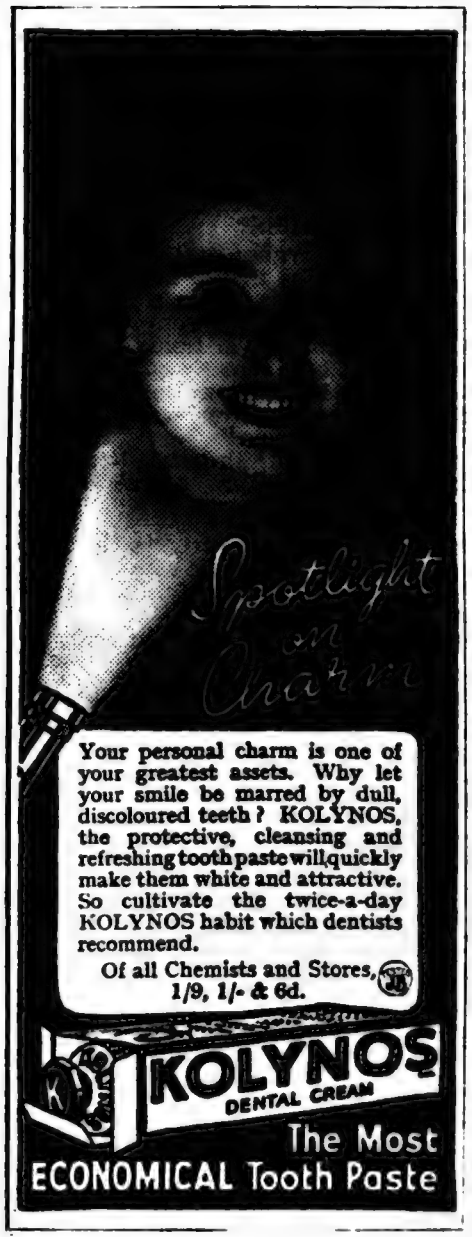
Ought he to inform the police that the customers are being systematically robbed?

Should he wash his own hands of the business, saying nothing?

What is the duty of a private individual when he knows that others are being swindled?

Can you tell me?

HUMANIST invites you to seek advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.



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That's not all! Feen-a-mint is safe and pleasant to take (kiddies love it!) and it has no after-effects whatever. Feen-a-mint works naturally and thoroughly. It's amazing how *soon* after taking Feen-a-mint you feel fit and vital. Take Feen-a-mint and you end once and for all stomach upsets, loss of appetite and that "half fit" feeling.

You'll need only one trial of Feen-a-mint to convince you. Get a package today; it's so valuable to your health! And if you're not satisfied your money will be refunded. Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere.

"IT TAKES A SAMSON to swing one of these," says Mr. Arthur Wright, long distance driver of Manchester (left). "But it's all in the day's work. I have to be on the road by six o'clock and what a rush it would be for my wife to get me off if it weren't for the 30-second breakfast! Kellogg's are no trouble and they're ready in a jiffy — and I prefer Kellogg's because they're so crisp."

They find energy for the hardest jobs—thanks to the *30-Second Breakfast*

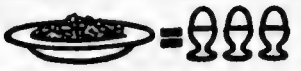
It's crisp, delicious — it's packed with energy — it saves time and trouble because it takes only 30 seconds to serve

EVERY day, everywhere, busy workers start the day with a 30-second breakfast.

They choose this breakfast because it gives them all the energy they need to carry on their jobs, no matter how strenuous they may be. They choose it, too, because it is so delicious. Big golden Kellogg's Corn Flakes are so crisp, so fresh, so full of flavour, that everybody enjoys them.

What's more, Kellogg's save no end of time and trouble in the morning. They're all ready to serve from the packet — no cooking, no bother. And that means no messy saucepan to wash-up and no greasy plates.

Buy Kellogg's for your family right away. They cost only 5d. and there are ten big breakfasts in every packet you buy.



SCIENTIFIC PROOF of the great energy-giving power of the 30-Second Breakfast

An analysis made at a leading dietetic laboratory shows that a bowl of Kellogg's with Milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs. (Bowl of Kellogg's 220-230 calories. 3 average eggs 210 calories.) That is why busy workers everywhere find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.

PAT VOTES FOR KELLOGG'S. Pat and Gwen Edwards of Romford, Essex, seen here at the breakfast-table, always get Kellogg's for breakfast. "I'm only too glad," says Mrs. Edwards, "because I know Kellogg's provide so much energy. The children like them because they're so crisp. And I find an enormous saving in time and trouble now I serve Kellogg's."

3 women from different homes — 3 women with different problems — 3 women with different incomes

FOUR-FIGURE INCOME:

(And yet Mrs. S.-H. feels the pinch) *But expenses are heavier these days, and there's less help. So some washing must be done at home. That's where the Acme helps — gives the inexperienced woman almost professional washing, makes work lighter, easier.*

'MIDDLING' SALARY:

(It's a close call for Mrs. K.) *Keeping a home going these days takes some doing — particularly when some less fortunate ones are sharing it with you. Still, one can always do even the heavy washing oneself — provided you've an Acme as an ever-present help.*

A WAGE EARNER:

(It's wonderful how Mrs. B. 'manages'): *Every minute of the day precious. Not an ounce of energy to waste. The home and children to be kept proudly, spotlessly clean. Washing, that everlasting call on the working woman, is made almost light work when you have an Acme to help.*

but the answer's the same for all

—an Acme!

WHEN a woman first uses an Acme, one thing astonishes her. How on earth, why on earth, did she muddle along without one! For it only takes you one washday with an Acme to realise what a necessity it is.

One other thing may surprise you when you first see an Acme. How simple it looks! And yet the simple-looking effortless Acme conceals the finest engineering design known — the cantilever system. Turn that screw on top. It regulates with unerring accuracy the controlled pressure which is exerted along the whole length of Acme's two rubber rollers. That accounts for the Acme *cleansing* as well as wringing. At every point, from its pressed steel frame to its 10 year guarantee, the Acme is the finest wringer you can buy.

Why not decide at once? Why not go straight to your hardware dealer and buy the finest wringer in the world — the Acme!

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Cantilever pressure. Cushion rubber rollers. Patent reversible drain. Turning handle folds away. Unbreakable pressed steel frame. Rustproof, chip-proof finish. Die-cast cog wheels. Rustless "oiled" bearings. Choice of 9 clamp fittings. 10 year guarantee.

The Portable Acme illustrated below costs 47/6 for the 16-inch size: 45/6 for the 14-inch size. If you have more room, choose the Acme Folding Stand model — 80/-. All three models are fully described in booklet D 5, obtainable from your Hardware Dealer or post free from Acme Wringers, Ltd., David St., Glasgow, S.E.

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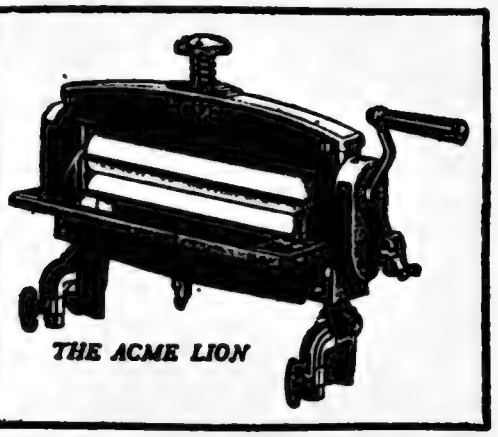

THE ACME LION

Short Story - - - - - - - By Will Scott

Mind My Marrows!

If Mr. Primrose hinted that his marrows were going to be bigger than ever this year, Mr. Barr snorted.

MY little house I took stood on a hill.

The streets ran across the hill, not up and down, and lost themselves in the country. To my left, as I stood at my garden window, was the sea.

It would have been pretty well perfect, but for the newspapers and what was in them.

The Dig for Victory campaign had not been thought of—or at any rate it had not been launched—but two of my new neighbours, I noticed, were already on the job.

One was a Mr. Primrose, living on my right.

The other was a Mr. Barr, up in the street above, whose garden backed on that of Mr. Primrose.

Mr. Primrose was a meek sort of person who looked rather apologetic for being alive. But Mr. Barr gave you the idea that if he hadn't yet bought the world, at any rate the document was in front of him, the pen was in his hand, he knew where the dotted line was, and he was just waiting his time.

SOMETIMES from my window I would see Mr. Primrose creep up his garden path, peep over the dividing fence, and inspect Mr. Barr's garden. At other times Mr. Barr would stamp down his garden, glare over the dividing fence, and inspect Mr. Primrose's garden.

Now and again they would meet and talk gardening.

That is to say Mr. Primrose would listen and Mr. Barr would talk gardening. I hadn't been long in my little house before I knew that Mr. Barr and Mr. Primrose were not exactly friends. I imagined it would be difficult for anybody to be a friend of Mr. Barr's.

If Mr. Primrose hinted that his marrows were going to be bigger than ever this year, Mr. Barr snorted loud and hit a piece of clay with his hoe. He also frowned and went a deep red, which I didn't understand at the time.

If Mr. Primrose complained about the cats and pointed to where his best cabbage plant was scratched up and left to wither in the sunlight, Mr. Barr's laughter was long and hearty.

I came to know little Primrose pretty well, in a sort of way, but if ever I saw Mr. Barr about the town I gave him the width of the street.

Although Primrose and Barr were, in more than one sense, on opposite sides of the fence, their wives appeared to be the greatest pals in the world.

I'd see them sometimes on the town bus, talking, as the saying is, nineteen to the dozen. When they met at the dividing fence they didn't snort or sneer or turn red.

THEY talked in the most amiable way about everything under the sun, except, perhaps, gardening.

They took it in turns once a week to play hostess. Mrs. Primrose would go to Mrs. Barr's to tea one Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Barr would go to tea at Mrs. Primrose's the next Thursday afternoon.

As I said to my wife, it seemed strange that the two women should be such good friends when the two men were scarcely civil to each other.

But my wife remarked, most unnecessarily, I thought, that men are difficult to get on with.

I was in my garden one morning when I heard Mr. Primrose calling down his customary mild curses on the cats. I went to the fence and gave him my sympathy.

"It's really too bad," he sighed. "You can cope with green-fly. You can cope with slugs and caterpillars, but there's nothing I've ever found out that can cope with cats."

He picked up eight inches of wilting green.

"That would have been one of the finest cauliflowers ever grown in this town," he said.

"Gardening's your hobby?" I put in stupidly.

"It's more than a hobby with me," he said. "And it's got to be if you want to make a real success of it."

"Quite," said I.

"Last year," Mr. Primrose went on, "I raised the biggest dahlia ever grown in this town. The year before I raised the biggest potato ever grown in this town.

"I was photographed with it in my hand, and they published the photograph in the local *Gazette*. Gardening's got to be more than a hobby if you want to get up top."

He shuffled into the corner of his garden, where his marrows were growing on a depressing dump.

"One of those fellows," he said, "is going to be the biggest marrow ever grown in the town—if the cats will leave it alone."

The cats didn't leave it alone.

The next morning his biggest marrow was found snapped off, and the morning after the next biggest. At the end of a fortnight he had only one of reasonable size left, and a lot of little things not worth looking at.

HE was sick about it, and I said I was sorry.

I was, of course, because he was such a pathetic little sort, but I wasn't too much interested. Gardening wasn't my line, and I had never been able to understand why anybody should want to grow a bigger marrow than the next man's.

About that time we had a very hot spell, and one night I found it quite impossible to sleep. The bedroom window was open, but that only seemed to let in more heat.

After tossing about for an hour or two I got up and went to the window in the hope that I'd be able to stand in a draught. It was about one o'clock. There was no moon, and, of course, the black-out made it impossible for me to see a thing.

Standing there at the open window, I was certain that I heard, over in little Primrose's garden, the sound of a footstep. I waited a moment, and the sound was repeated.

"Somebody on the prowl!" I thought. "That's not cats."

Without making a sound I crept downstairs and let myself out through the garden door. I went slowly across the grass to the fence which divided my garden from Mr. Primrose's. I stood absolutely still.

Presently I heard again the sound of a footstep. It was very, very faint, but there was no doubt about it. It came from the corner where the marrow dump was.

(Continued on page 24)

In times like these

old friends are best

If you take Beechams Pills you will feel so much younger, livelier and happier. Your skin will freshen, your eyes will brighten—and every day your system will function gently and naturally—*as it should*. Beechams Pills are purely vegetable, famous for ninety years. Millions owe their good health to them, Get some yourself.

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And it isn't only whiteness that the new Persil gives you. There's extra ease now—you don't have to mix; and the lather is lovely and rich. There's extra speed now in rinsing—there's no clinging greyness to stick to the clothes when you draw them out.

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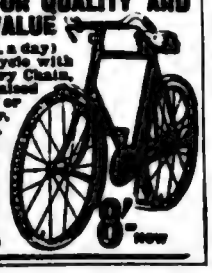

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THREE-MINUTE MYSTERY

WHO WAS THE BANDIT?

"Did you recognise the man?" asked Captain Connolly

CAPTAIN CONNOLLY, of Military Intelligence, gave only a cursory glance at the body in the centre of the library floor.

"You're the only person who was with the Colonel when he was murdered, aren't you?" he asked Julius Logan.

"That is so," came the quiet reply. "With the exception of the bandit, of course!"

"Exactly what happened?"

"The Colonel and I were discussing the plans of a new anti-aircraft gun on which we had been working when a masked man stepped out from behind these curtains, levelling a revolver at the Colonel.

"'Now, Colonel Masters,' he said, 'you can pay me what you owe me!'"

"To what was he alluding?"

"I don't know, but the Colonel recognised him because he tried to stop the man from talking loudly.

"He persuaded the man to walk over to the writing-desk and they started arguing more quietly.

"Eventually the Colonel tore a cheque-form out of his book, filled it in, endorsed it, and handed it over.

"The bandit started to climb through the window with it in his hand. When he was half-way through he turned back and fired his revolver at the Colonel."

"Did you recognise the man?"

"I've never seen him before, and I couldn't describe him. I was too startled to notice what he looked like."

Connolly flipped over the leaves of the dead man's cheque-book.

Colonel Masters had not filled in the butt.

"Did you notice to whom the cheque was made payable?"

"No. But you might be able to learn something from the blotter," Logan suggested.

Connolly found the blotting-paper quite clean. There was no trace of writing on it. He then held the blotter level with his eyes, allowing the light to strike obliquely across the indentations.

Depressions caused by the pen stood out plainly, but they revealed only that the cheque had been made payable to Cash. The amount was for £5,000.

The cheque had been signed and endorsed by Colonel Masters.

As he was replacing the blotter he paused.

"You're lying, Logan," he challenged. "You killed Colonel Masters! I'm going to hold you until I know more about this!"

WHY DID HE SAY THAT?

See page 28.

Continuing Will Scott's Story

"Hullo!" I thought.

And then I heard a sound which there was no mistaking. It was caused by the snapping of a stalk.

So that was it!

Not cats, but a human being!

Laying poor little Primrose's prize crop waste, perhaps, night by night!

I didn't know what to do.

I didn't want to get mixed up in a local brawl, particularly over so futile a thing as a marrow. If I shouted the raider would promptly vanish. I had no torch and no means of learning his identity.

And then suddenly I heard a door close and realised it was all over for the night.

I gave it up and went back to bed.

The next morning I made my way to our joint fence and looked over.

MY neighbour's wife was in the garden.

"Mr. Primrose about?"

Mrs. Primrose said No, he wasn't. He had gone down into the town on the 10 o'clock bus.

"I'd like a little talk with him when he gets back," I said.

"I don't think he's in the mood for a little talk," said Mrs. Primrose. "You see, last night the cats got the only marrow he had left that was worth calling a marrow."

"That's just it," said I. "It wasn't the cats, Mrs. Primrose."

And then a most peculiar thing happened. Mrs. Primrose flushed a deep crimson, and looked about the most confused woman I had ever seen.

"W-w-what do you mean?" she murmured.

I explained about my little adventure of the night before.

"You-you-you were at the fence here?"

"Yes. Why, whatever is the matter, Mrs. Primrose?"

I knew then, of course. And she knew I knew. Hastily she begged me not to tell her husband. For then *he* would know at once. He always kept the garden gates locked at night, so that nobody could get in from the street. And nobody could climb the fences without breaking them down, so frail were they.

"So he'd realise," she said, "that if it wasn't the cats there's only one *person* it could be."

"You!"

"Let's go round to the front garden," she said with a timid glance up at Barr's house. "Nobody can hear us there."

So we went round to the front garden. And a queer tale she told me.

Her friendship with Mrs. Barr was the root of it. All her life she had been a lonely sort of woman. And all her life Mrs. Barr had been a lonely sort of woman, too. They had been neighbours for years. And then, one day, something in common had cropped up, and they had been firm friends ever since.

But behind it, all the time, had been a shadow—the shadow of Barr's uncontrollable temper . . . and his jealousy.

"He is," said Mrs. Primrose, "the most jealous man in the world. And if it happened to flare up because of one of us here, it would be all up with my friendship with his wife. He just wouldn't *permit* it to continue.

"The most jealous man in the world," Mrs. Primrose repeated. "Of course, it didn't matter with us, as long as the two men had different hobbies. But when, at the beginning of the war, Mr. Barr took up gardening, I saw what was coming. If my Thursday afternoons with Mrs. Barr, if our whole friendship was not to be broken up for ever . . . well, you see what I mean?"

I saw what she meant.

"Your husband just *couldn't* be allowed to have his picture in the paper as the man who grew a bigger marrow than Barr?"

She nodded.

"I couldn't ask him *not* to try his best with his garden. That would have broken his heart. So I just—blamed it on the cats. That, in a way, seemed *natural* to him."

She looked away.

"I hope you won't mention all this . . ."

I promised.

ABOUT six weeks later there was a terrible din. It came from Barr's house. I went into the garden to listen.

I could only make out scraps.

"Never speak to them again . . . boasting little weed . . . never have the wife of the bumptious so-and-so in my house again—never . . . keep away. . . ."

In the next garden, pale-faced, was Mrs. Primrose.

"It's happened!" she said sadly.

"But I don't see how——" said I.

"Neither did I, but it has," she said. "Have you seen the local *Gazette* to-day?"

I hadn't. She brought me a copy.

In it was a photograph of her husband holding something in his hand. Underneath were the words:

"The well-known local gardener, Mr. Wilfred Primrose, with the smallest vegetable marrow ever grown in the town."

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Stimulate Lazy Kidneys

MANY of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strain are caused by tired or congested kidneys. Frequent or scanty urine with smarting and burning also indicates that the kidneys and bladder are at fault. Your health soon suffers when the kidneys fail to filter excess acid and harmful poisonous wastes out of the blood.

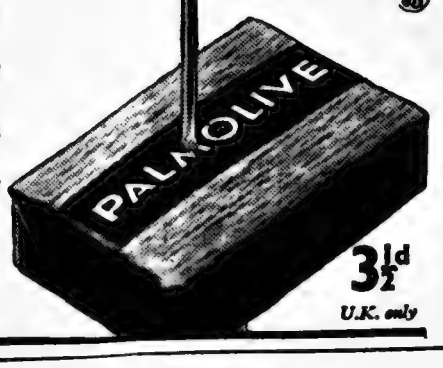
End your torment and become healthy and vigorous again by taking Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This up-to-date kidney medicine does not merely relieve the pain. It strengthens, invigorates, and flushes out the kidneys so that the millions of tiny filtering tubes purify your blood. Only a remedy which achieves this can give you permanent relief. Thousands of men and women have thanked Doans Pills for recovery from backache, lumbago, rheumatic pains, puffy swellings, urinary and bladder troubles and other kidney ailments.

INSIST UPON DOANS, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-.

Guarding all Schoolgirl Complexions...

the OLIVE OIL in Palmolive

Olive oil is the kindest, surest beautifier you can use, on the word of 20,000 beauty specialists. The rich palm and olive oils that go into Palmolive make this soap the safest, surest, most economical road to beauty. Let Palmolive guard your complexion — it keeps you clean and keeps you lovely, war or no war!



3½d
U.K. only

His teeth are "white lies"

HOW FIT HE LOOKS! What strong white teeth — *in front*! Yet all the time there's dangerous Tartar at the back.

There is just one toothpaste and one toothpaste *only* that can remove that tartar once it's taken hold. That's Solidox — the toothpaste that does more than clean — the toothpaste that loosens and removes unpleasant tartar.

Did you know that tartar forms in all mouths? In yours too? And tartar can lead to troubles that affect both teeth and gums. Ordinary toothpastes don't touch it.

Solidox is approved and recommended by dentists because it not only keeps teeth brilliantly white — it removes tartar safely and gently. That's why *millions* of people are already using Solidox: Ask for Solidox *yourself*!

They look gleaming, but there's tartar at the back!

Dentists see tartar in their mirrors. And they know tartar *must* be removed. They approve, too, of the gentle, harmless way Solidox deals with tartar. Solidox is the only toothpaste made with Ricinosulphate — the ingredient that can loosen and remove solid tartar.

Be sure you visit your dentist *regularly* for general tooth care — and use Solidox. That's the way to healthy teeth.

JOHN KNIGHT LTD, LONDON, E.16

SOL 16-66-55

Aces of the Secret Service—by Louis C. Mansfield

SPY Escapes with £10,000,000

Capt. G. Hill, D.S.O. There was £5,000 on his head—"Dead or Alive."

"John Bull" readers were so appreciative of Louis Mansfield's first six stories of "Aces of the Secret Service" in the last war, that we now introduce a further series of espionage adventures.

It starts with the story of a spy who lived in a Royal railway coach, playing hide-and-seek with his pursuers over hundreds of miles of railway tracks, trailing £10,000,000 with him.

CAPTAIN GEORGE HILL, D.S.O., a master spy, had been doing yeoman service in Salonika when he was suddenly transferred, in 1917, to Russia, ostensibly as a member of the Royal Flying Corps.

He had been ordered to do everything in his power to crush the growing circle of German influence and to attempt measures that would harass the German armies.

The Bolsheviks had made a fine mess of things.

Entire armies were short of food, weapons, ammunition and medical supplies.

Provinces were starving. Food riots were breaking out everywhere.

The result was a growing clamour for a complete cessation of hostilities, a cessation meaning the release of more than half-a-million German soldiers to be flung against Britain on the Western Front.

It did not take Hill long to realise that the crux of the trouble was the highly disorganised state of the railways.

There were plenty of supplies, but they could not be shifted.

After the collapse of authority, train-crews had merely run their trains into the nearest junction and abandoned them.

Every important line was jammed with rolling-stock.

WHOLE lines of food-trains were waiting in Moscow to relieve Petrograd, then in the grip of famine and disease.

But they could not budge.

Hill decided that the best way to carry out his assignment was to ingratiate himself with the Bolsheviks by untying the railways for them.

He inveigled Joffe, President of the Petrograd Military Revolutionary Committee, into granting him the widest possible powers.

Then he went to Moscow to organise several gangs of men to free the junction by tipping over the embankment every train on the main line.

After that, even Trotsky was only too willing to give Hill the necessary passes to travel anywhere he wished "for the purpose of keeping the railways open."

He was given a Royal coach, formerly used by the Czarina, as his travelling headquarters.

Such freedom enabled Hill to go where he wished, to see everything he desired and to ask any question.

USING the passes, he travelled far and wide, organising bands of ex-White officers to be used as guerilla squads behind the German lines in the Ukraine.

He armed some of the squads with machine-guns and rifles to be used as skirmishing parties.

He sent others to the Donetz basin to sabotage coal mines to deprive Boches of one of their most-needed products.

Others he organised as "Explosives parties" to destroy bridges and ammunition dumps.

He planted chains of spies and identification posts along the entire German Eastern Front, arranging relays of couriers to carry reports through to Murmansk.

He learned that the Germans had persuaded the Bolsheviks to consider peace, and to undertake a lightning offensive against the Rumanians to oust them from Bessarabia.

This was a master-stroke on the part of the Germans.

They had already overrun three-quarters of Rumania, but it still required the better part of half-a-million men to engage what was left of the Rumanian army that had invaded part of Bessarabia.

If the Germans persuaded the Bolsheviks to engage the Rumanians they could release nearly a million men to be used against the Allies in the West.

It was a brilliant plan.

Hill decided to spike it.

Knowing that the whole of the Rumanian bullion reserve, Crown Jewels and reserve currency was lodged in the Kremlin, he realised that the outbreak of hostilities between Russia and Rumania would leave the Rumanians without a cent to buy supplies.

He determined to get hold of the Rumanian reserve load it on a fast train, and take it to Jassy, the Rumanian war capital.

He cajoled Commissar Muralov into letting him load the £10,000,000 treasure on the train.

Muralov had not the slightest intention of losing the hoard. He merely planned to have his men unload it again farther down the line.

When everything was ready, Hill and his brother agents took over the train at the point of a gun.

BY deliberately driving against signals, altering points to suit themselves, and crashing full-speed through crossing gates, they delivered the bullion to the Rumanian Government two days later.

Russian leaders were so eager to prevent the people from learning how they had been hoodwinked that they decided to forget all about the incident when Hill returned to Russia.

Although Hill gave Rumania the money to carry on a campaign against Russia, it did not prevent the outbreak of hostilities between the countries.

Hill persuaded the Rumanian authorities to agree to certain peace terms, and when Russia actually took the war-path, he managed to cajole and threaten Rakovsky, the President of the Council, to countersign them for Russia.

This spiked part of the German plan.

But he could not prevent the Russians from signing the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk with the Germans.

The Germans put one across him there.

After signing the Treaty, Rudolph Bauer, the chief of the German Secret Service in Russia, gave Trotsky a full outline of the Intelligence Officer's intrigues and activities.

Hill found himself a fugitive from Bolshevik vengeance.

He went into hiding, redoubling his espionage activities against German forces in the Ukraine.

With his White Russian guerillas he would descend on a camp in the middle of the night, pour a murderous fire into it from 30 machine-guns, and vanish mysteriously.

With his sabotage gangs, he wrecked nearly every public utility behind the German lines.

He exploded gasometers, ruined pumps so that mines became flooded, wrecked electricity stations and tore up railway tracks, crashing troop and supply trains.

The Germans eventually put £5,000 on his head, "Dead or Alive."

Hill maintained these activities until in 1918 it became apparent that there was little more to gain from them.

Eventually Whitehall ordered him to contact Mr. Lindsay's Mission, and to return to London.

He landed back at Intelligence Headquarters in Whitehall at the moment when the Armistice was proclaimed.

CLEANS BEST
LASTS LONGEST

Give your teeth a SHINE with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

6d and 1/-

Prices U.K. only

NO MESS
NO WASTE

W. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1.

Corns

3 Agonising Corns come clean OUT in 3 Days

"For 40 years I suffered agony from 3 corns," writes Mr. Tree of Hailsham. "I spent a small fortune on remedies and Chiropodists, but they were no good. One Thursday I bought some 'FREEZONE.' The next Sunday morning all 3 corns came right out."

Try 'Freezone' Corn Remover on your corn. It's painless, absolutely safe, and fetches out even the most obstinate corn in a few days. Only 1/3d. a bottle at all chemists; satisfaction *guaranteed* or money refunded.

burnt-on grease vanishes

When you use

SCO

No scrubbing, scraping and scouring at burnt-on grease-grids, shelves, burners, everything made fresh and clean as new in ten minutes. SCO, the Magic Oven-cleaning Powder is cheapest, quickest, easiest and best.

Get a 6D. *tin to-day at*—

WOOLWORTH'S

DO THEY THINK I WAS BORN YESTERDAY?

"THEY'RE at it again, I see. Lee cribs from Mason, and Mason cribs from Lee, and neither of them knows anything about anything. They must think I came down in the last shower. Who'd be a schoolmaster, particularly these days? What with taking Dupont's French classes now he's been called up, and this Air Warden business on top of that — well, I just don't feel too bright. Don't suppose I've had a night's sleep of more than five hours since the start of the term either. Still, it's no use letting things get me down. Must do something about it. It's time I went back to Kruschen."

KRUSCHEN: A STRAIGHTFORWARD EXPLANATION

The chief cause of constipation is lack of moisture in the large intestine, so the problem is to induce that moisture to return in a natural way. This is done by the action of six mineral salts, all of which are found in Kruschen in exactly the right proportion. Thus, by restoring moisture to the large intestine, Kruschen promotes regular and natural evacuation. Kruschen is also diuretic in its action, stimulating the kidneys in their work of eliminating toxins from the blood, by way of the urine.

As the bloodstream is swept clean of filthy toxic poisons, the complexion clears, the eye brightens, and your whole outlook is changed, for you have regained your full health. It is important to remember that Kruschen is not habit-forming. In other words, having once relieved your original constipation, you never need increase the tiny daily dose which keeps you healthy. That dose, as you know, is just as much Kruschen as will cover a sixpence. The price of Kruschen is reasonable — 6d., 1/- and 1/9 from any chemist anywhere.

"Go back to Kruschen for the duration"

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1. "Duraglass" Extra-Coat Process of Rust-proofing and Enamelling that gives a brilliant surface withstanding a lifetime of wear.

2. Gracefully designed B.S.A "Fulcrum" Reinforced Fork Crown, shock-absorbing, feather-light yet of enormous strength, making the bicycle the safest on the road.

3. "Staychrome" Treatment on all plated parts—the longest-wearing plating known.

4. "Spinaway" Precision-Balanced Chainwheel — a B.S.A design no one can copy — that gives maximum ease-of-running with double strength and lightness.

5. The famous B.S.A Hubs with an oil-smooth action that makes riding so effortless.

6. Every part of a B.S.A 'Streamlight' Bicycle is "Quintested" to conform with the standard of precision implicit in the B.S.A name.

B.S.A 'Streamlight' Bicycles are fitted with the B.S.A All-Brazed Frame, which also contributes so much to their lightness and rigidity; B.S.A "Easipress" smooth-action Central Pull Roller Lever or Caliper Brakes; B.S.A Pedals; Super-Comfort Saddle and Dunlop Tyres.

Here is the new

B.S.A 'Streamlight' Bicycle — built specially for you — to make life easier during these days of restricted transport. It has six features unobtainable in any other bicycle, features that make all the difference between "a bicycle" and a B.S.A 'Streamlight' Bicycle.

B.S.A

Streamlight

'A Bicycle Made For You'

B.S.A 'Streamlight' Models (men's or women's) from £6.3.9. 10/- deposit on all Models And from 2/11 per week

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Please send me FREE a fully-illustrated copy of "TRAVEL IN WAR TIME" by H. V. MORTON, author of "In Search of England" and a Catalogue of the B.S.A. "Streamlight" Range.

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FENNINGS' OINTMENT

Perfect for

ALL SKIN TROUBLES

No first-aid kit is complete without it. Invaluable for cuts, burns, bruises, eczema and chapped hands, etc.

PRICE 1/3d. A TIN

ALFRED FENNINGS · COWES · ISLE OF WIGHT

End Rheumatism While you Sleep

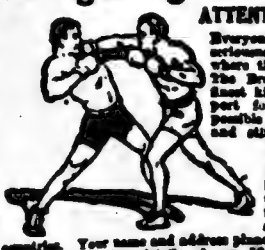
If you suffer sharp, stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, it shows your blood is poisoned because faulty Kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are Backache, Nagging Headaches, "Getting up Nights," Backaches, Leadache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Headaches, Colds, Puffy Ankles, Circles under Eyes, Lack of Energy, Anaemia etc. Ordinary medicines can't help much—you must kill the germs which are attacking kidneys, flooding system with acids and poisons, sapping energy, ruining health. Cystex—ends these troubles by removing the cause. Get Cystex from Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors or any Chemist, 1/3, 2/- and 6/- on Guarantee to put you right or money back. Act now! The Guarantee protects you.

Cystex

For Kidneys, Rheumatism, Bladder

A Fight Against Rupture

ATTENTION vs. NEGLECT



Everyone should realise the seriousness of rupture, even where the protrusion is small. The Brooks Appliance is the finest kind of mechanical support for rupture that it is possible to build. Hard pads and stiff springs are entirely eliminated. Our Automatic Air Cushion, light, cool and absolutely sanitary, is protected by patents in the British Isles and all important foreign countries. Your name and address placed to this advertisement will bring complete details of our 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL plan in plain sealed envelope. No need to write a letter.

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Workers everywhere wielding all their skill and strength to meet the country's demand for war materials.

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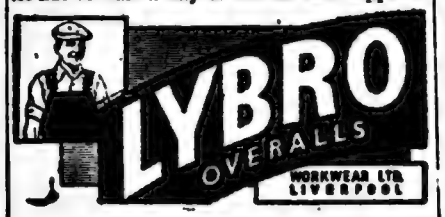
An overwhelming demand for overalls spurs Lybro on to peak production.

You can be sure of getting a genuine Lybro overall, so don't be put off with a substitute. But please order early—just in case your stockist has to wait a day or two for new supplies!



RUNDOWN, TIRED WEAK, NERVOUS!

How Vikelp Builds Weak, Worn Out, Nervous People into Strong Red-Blooded Men and Women

The secret is "re-fuelling" your body with essential life-giving Minerals and Vitamins. An amazing newly discovered sea plant was found by medical science to contain, in natural form, FOOD IODINE, IRON, PHOSPHORUS, CALCIUM, SULPHUR—in fact 9 of the 12 essential Minerals and an abundance of VITAMIN B. It is concentrated and comes to you as Vikelp—offering you ALL these precious elements so vital to health and strength—so vital to life itself.

Start using Vikelp Brand Tablets today. See how different you feel. You become vigorous, vital, alive. You feel new life surging through your whole being. Nerves steady—eyes sparkle. You teem with new-found energy and strength. If you are not satisfied after 10 days, your money refunded in full.

FREE. *Send to-day for free 50-page booklet "How to Gain New Energy and Strength." Send a postcard to Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. J.B.3, 122-134, Baker St., London, W.1.*

Vikelp is now available in 2 forms—Small CONCENTRATED tablets to swallow and Large FLAVOURED tablets to eat. Your chemist has both.

VIKELP BRAND MINERAL VITAMIN TABLETS

An Exmoor Reader, B. W. House, receives five guineas for this week's reader's war time story. If you have an exciting story to tell, send it to "John Bull" with a stamped addressed envelope. There may be five guineas for you.

A FEW days after war was declared I received a letter from my brother Malcolm, who lives in Chiswick, London, W. Pressure of work, he explained, prevented his leaving London, but he was most anxious that his only child should be evacuated before air raids started. I sympathised with him.

Eight-year-old Doreen is all the world to him now that my sister-in-law is dead.

He was really terrified at the idea of having to leave her for long hours every day, knowing that there might be an air attack at any time.

The day governess who Doreen shared with a friend had gone to her home at Daventry to be with her mother, and Malcolm had decided that it would be best for his child if she were to be evacuated

Would I be prepared to take charge of her?

My husband thoroughly approved the idea, so I wrote back to say how delighted we would be to look after Doreen.

Two days later she arrived, and I was relieved to find that she was thrilled at the idea of living in the heart of the country.

Before a week had passed she was on friendly terms with all the villagers, from the vicar to the roadmender.

Her greatest triumph (although naturally she did not realise it) was to make friends with formidable old Mrs. Trethowen, who lived alone in the little stone house on the edge of the moor.

WE had all tried in vain to make friends with the old girl.

Most of the village declared that she considered herself to be a cut above the rest. She was the widow of a minor Consular officer, who had held a post in China for many years. I believe that she was not so much conceited as shy, with all the brusqueness such people assume as a sort of armour.

Anyway, there was no doubt that she found it difficult to make ends meet, and she bought only the barest necessities when she visited the village on her bi-weekly shopping expeditions.

The war must have considerably reduced her already slender income.

I never understood how it was that Doreen came to make friends with her, but from what the child told me, she had seen Mrs. Trethowen struggling up the steep hill out of the village with her shopping basket, had offered to carry it for her, and had been asked into the little house, where she had been given seed cake and a glass of milk.

AFTER that Doreen paid frequent visits to Mrs. Trethowen's, although no one else in the village had ever been invited there.

After each visit she came home with tales of the wonderful Oriental curios her hostess had shown her.

It soon became the usual thing for Doreen to accompany the old woman back to her house on Monday and Friday afternoons after her shopping.

The first blizzard of winter broke over Exmoor with unusual suddenness, and it was so severe that in a few hours the snow was lying in thick drifts. By the following morning the village was almost completely cut off from the outside world, and I hurried to Doreen's bedroom to wake her so that she could look out on the winter scene.

Imagine my shock when she was nowhere to be found.

My husband and I searched the house from attic to cellar, and finally he put on his heaviest overcoat and went down to the village to make enquiries.

No one there remembered having seen Doreen during the previous evening, and as it had now started to snow again, there was no chance of being able to recognise any guiding tracks.

When a house-to-house search of the village proved fruitless, a small party of men, led by my husband and the vicar, struggled to Mrs. Trethowen's house.

It was hard going.

The storms had already piled the snow in deep drifts in the lane. Finally they reached the house at dusk.

After knocking for some time, the door was opened by a different Mrs. Trethowen to the woman we had known. Her face was lined with pain, and her hollow cheeks burned with fever. She was so weak that she had to support herself by holding on to the door, and her voice was little more than a whisper.

Two of the men had to support her as she led the way to a bedroom on the first floor. Sitting up in bed was Doreen, her right leg supported in a bandage.

On the quilt was a large china bowl of peacock blue with intricate patterns worked on it and a band of white above and below, but the party were too eager to hear the child's story to take much note of her plaything.

It appeared that she had been worrying about Mrs. Trethowen's ill-health.

The cause was semi-starvation.

Anyway, when the storm had started on the previous night, the little girl had been so anxious that she had slipped out of bed and set off for the little house in the hope of being able to look after her sick friend

She had missed her path in the dark and had fallen into the deep ditch at the side of the lane, spraining her ankle.

Somehow or other she had hobbled to the house.

The old woman was now seriously ill, yet she had uttered no word of reproach.

Instead, she had put the kiddie into her own bed, attended to her injury, and given her what scanty food she had in the house.

"And I'm allowed to play with this lovely bowl," added Doreen. "I do think it's pretty, don't you, uncle?"

My husband and the vicar examined it perfunctorily for a moment, and then the latter suddenly peered down to inspect it carefully.

"How long have you had this, Mrs. Trethowen?" he asked.

"Many, many years," replied the poor woman, who had been helped to a chair. "That and another like it were given to my late husband when we were in China."

"And have you ever had it valued?"

"Why should I? Nothing I possess is worth more than a few shillings."

The vicar smiled.

"Unless I am much mistaken, this is a genuine seventeenth-century Ming bowl. The blue on the outside is quite distinctive, as are the coloured designs on the inside. Had I the money, I would gladly buy the two for £250 and be sure of making a profit."

HE was right.

The two bowls fetched a large sum when they were sold recently to a collector in Paris.

Mrs. Trethowen, the poverty she had for so long kept a secret now a thing of the past, no longer keeps aloof from the rest of the village.

If it had not been for the war, little Doreen would not have come to live with us, and had she not done so the story of a proud old woman might have had a different ending.

Mystery Solution

(See page 24)

THERE was no ink on the blotter.

It was clean and unused.

When Captain Connolly realised the significance of this, he knew that Logan's story must be false.

If Colonel Masters had made out a cheque and then turned it over to endorse it, the ink on the front of the cheque would have soaked into the blotter.

Further investigation showed that Logan had shot the Colonel during a quarrel over their invention.

EVERY CHILD NEEDS A SPRING CLEAN

Pimples are sure signs that the bowels are clogged with sour, bilious poisons which inflame the blood.

For a quick, safe remedy there is nothing like 'California Syrup of Figs' to cleanse the system and purify the blood. Give a dose at bedtime. In the morning the bowels will act; gently yet thoroughly removing the poisonous waste. Continue 'California Syrup of Figs' for a few nights and the skin will be clear, fresh, glowing with a beautiful healthy colour. Better still, you will see a wonderful improvement in the child's health. Doctors and nurses recommend this liquid laxative. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size).

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN—'California Syrup of Figs' is also the ideal remedy for constipation in your own case, since it ensures complete bowel action without the risk of disturbing functional regularity, which often happens when strong laxatives are taken.

Mrs. Meagle wants to know . . .

MRS. MEAGLE | THE PARSON'S WIFE

"Well, Mum, all I say is, soap flakes may be all right for them that can afford them. I know I can't."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Meagle. Why with Sylvan Soap Flakes you get half *as much again as with the other kinds."*

"That's as may be, but inexpensive flakes do your hands no good, not with all that soda."

"Soda, Mrs. Meagle? I said Sylvan Flakes. There isn't a scrap of soda in Sylvan. And my hands don't look too bad—even you will have to admit that."

"Anyway, soap flakes leave a nasty fusty smell in woollens, I do know that."

"That proves you've never used Sylvan Soap Flakes, Mrs. Meagle. Sylvan never leaves a trace of smell in woollies, even when they're packed away for months—and Sylvan can't shrink them either. I wouldn't trust my daintiest things with anything but Sylvan."

"Well, why haven't they told us about these things? Hiding their Sylvan under a bushel, I call it."

MUCH MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

YOU get about half as much extra of the purest soap flakes when you buy Sylvan Flakes. Sylvan's foaming suds wash all your garments, from daintiest silks to heaviest woollens, cleaner, better, with absolute safety. Sylvan Flakes can't make silks or woollens lose their shape—or colours run. And there's no soda in Sylvan to roughen and redden your hands.

SYLVAN FLAKES

USE SYLVAN AND SAVE

Get the Giant Pack 1/-. Other economy sizes 6d. & 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY & CO. LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

Make Life easier during these days of restricted transport—ride a B.S.A. Cycle!

Fill in Coupon on p. 27 for free interesting booklet and catalogue.

PILES Are Wonderfully Relieved by Zam-Buk

"I got no peace from the pain and itching of piles. It was agony to walk about and many a night I hardly had any sleep. But when I used Zam-Buk this grand ointment was wonderfully soothing. It also ended the piles and made life worth living again." Mrs. A. O., Weybridge.

Why put up with piles and the constant pain, itching, swelling and that miserable dragging sensation? Use Zam-Buk Ointment, which has earned the gratitude of thousands of piles sufferers for the wonderful relief it has brought.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk soothe and heal inflamed tissues, subdue pain and smarting, restrain bleeding and gradually remove the piles. Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing serious complications. Use Zam-Buk regularly and soon be on the way to a cure. 1/3 and 3/- a box.

For Inward PILES

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they soothe and cure while you sleep.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

when Furniture and Floors are polished with

MANSION POLISH

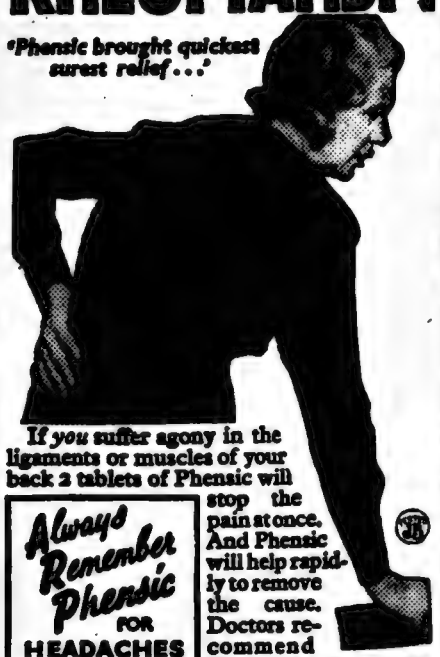
Antiseptic wax

Tins 3d., 6d. and larger sizes.

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4. MP/MM/3

Could Not Move FOR RHEUMATISM

'Phensic brought quickest surest relief . . .'



If *you* suffer agony in the ligaments or muscles of your back 2 tablets of Phensic will stop the pain at once. And Phensic will help rapidly to remove the cause. Doctors recommend Phensic for weak heart patients because it is the absolutely safe painkiller—yet *tremendously powerful*. Get a supply today. 3d, 6d, 1/3, 3/- & 5/- everywhere.

Always Remember Phensic FOR HEADACHES NERVE PAINS RHEUMATISM COLDS & 'FLU

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand

THE POWERFUL SAFE PAINKILLER

WHY I USE NEW VEET ON MY ARMS AND LEGS

1 New 'VEET' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.

2 New 'VEET' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white, without trace of ugly stubble.

3 New 'VEET' is a dainty white cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.

4 New 'VEET' avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 1/3 and 2/6 (Trial size 6d.).

A. W. HELLIWELL introduces debonair Jack Bloomfield, familiar figure in London's West End, to his "Giants of the Ring," describing how the hard-hitting, world champion chaser was

KNOCKED OUT BY CHIVALRY

In those days, Jack Bloomfield was all set for becoming heavy-weight champion of the world

LONDON'S West End would not be the same without dark, debonair Jack Bloomfield, strolling round Leicester Square with his inevitable walking-cane, long cigar and dark carnation.

Heavier than when he knocked out Bombardier Billy Wells at the Albert Hall sixteen years ago, he is still a fine figure of a man, the very picture of an ex-world beater.

Jack Bloomfield might easily have become heavy-weight champion of the world. He had speed, punch, strength and stamina, everything going to the making of a champion, yet he tossed them all into the scales against one chivalrous gesture. And he lost.

Perhaps you were at the Albert Hall on that memorable evening when Jack sent the blue-eyed, fair-haired Bombardier crashing to the canvas with a crisp, short right-hander to the chin.

Perhaps you saw him bend over his unconscious opponent when the count had finished, swing him to his feet, and carry him to his corner.

I'll wager you never realised the harassed thoughts milling in Bloomfield's brain as he ducked through the ropes afterwards.

As he left the ring with the thunder of applause echoing in his ears, finish had already been written to his promising career.

Jack was a "wise guy" of the ring.

A fair portion of what he earned with his magic fists he set aside, and to-day his West End saloon is London's nearest approach to Jack Dempsey's famous Broadway hostelry as a resort of the sportingly famous.

There you may find him each night.

HE will be prepared to talk about the days when he was a Lonsdale belt holder and cruiser-weight champion of the Empire, but unless he numbers you among his friends Jack is not likely to tell you the inside story of that night at the Albert Hall.

Bloomfield met the real Bombardier, a fighter infinitely more dangerous than the hesitant, highly strung boxer who faced Carpentier and Beckett.

Piqued by setbacks and harsh criticism, Wells was out for blood that night.

The devil was in him.

Seeing him step from his corner grim-mouthed and hard of eye, instead of with the lazy, good-humoured smile with which he usually greeted his opponents, Bloomfield knew that Wells was out for a swift and spectacular victory.

Because he never made the mistake of underestimating an opponent, he moved warily, circling cautiously as he waited for the Bombardier to make the first move.

Eager to feel his fists smashing and battering into his opponent's face, Wells swiftly took the offensive.

Out shot his left, and, walking in, he drove his right hard to Bloomfield's ribs.

There was plenty of steam behind that punch, and when a few seconds later the Battling Bombardier slammed over another of those rib-cracking right-handers, Bloomfield realised that he had a fight ahead of him.

Up to the fourth round Wells fought like the world-beater he would have been if he had been less highly strung. Then the tide of battle turned in Bloomfield's favour.

SLIPPING under Billy's persistent left, he banged a hard counter to his jaw. Without giving him a chance to recover, he ripped a rapid tattoo of lefts and rights to the Bombardier's ribs and stomach.

Wells covered up and backed away, but the damage had been done. Crimson patches flamed angrily on his fair skin. His face was pale.

Yet he looked as sure of himself as ever as he flicked out that long straight left and moved around the ring with the economy of footwork that reveals the true master.

Only Bloomfield knew that Wells was worried. The snap had gone out of his punches, and the split-second timing and accuracy that had made him so formidable in those opening rounds were now missing.

All through the next round he invited Wells to lead, watching him intently to see how he reacted.

When he walked back to his corner his mind was made up.

He went swiftly to meet Wells, and, as the Bombardier's left shot out, Bloomfield's dark head moved to one side and he stepped in. He has told me many times since that the punch he then let go was the sweetest he delivered in his fighting life.

A SHORT right, travelling not much more than half a dozen inches from start to finish, it landed dead on Billy's jaw.

The Bombardier crashed on his shoulder blades with his long legs flung high into the air.

Out to the world!

And while the Albert Hall rang with wild applause, Jack Bloomfield did the foolish, quixotic thing that ended all his dreams of reigning as champion of the world.

He stepped over to Wells, slipped his arms round his waist, and carried him back to his corner.

Even as he did so, he felt a sharp pain in his stomach muscles. He had lifted a dead weight of more than 14 stone, but he forgot that sharp stab of agony as people pressed about him, shaking his hands and overwhelming him with congratulations.

When he consulted a doctor, he learned that he had a serious internal injury, necessitating an immediate operation.

He fought several times after this, but in the end he was forced to bow to the inevitable.

Hard luck, Jack!

England lost a world champion when you bent down to lift your old opponent to his feet!

My Mother Knew

De Witts Pills for BACKACHE

"I suffered severe back pains, weakness, dizzy turns and joint pains. I tried everything without result. Then my mother told me to try De Witts Pills, as she had obtained great relief from them. I noticed an improvement after a few doses, and now am in perfect health."

Mrs. R. N.

Because they are made specially for kidney troubles, women find De Witts Pills give speedy relief. In 24 hours after the first dose, the changed colour of the urine proves their direct action on the kidneys. With kidneys restored to health, backache and other pains cease. Take De Witts Pills to-night. The quick relief you experience to-morrow will become permanent benefit.

DE WITTS PILLS (Brand Kidney and Bladder)

end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, prices 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

Race with "Silver Ring"

THE restricted list of war time fixtures is a blessing in disguise. We were getting rather a lot of racing (much of it very moderate) in pre-war days, and when we get back to normal we could well sacrifice a few meetings and concentrate on improving the quality of the others.

Even now there are too many inferior horses in training.

The biggest surprise of the flat-race season so far was the news that 73 entries were received for the New Derby, to be run at Newbury on June 12.

Nomination entails a liability of £50; a further £50 is incurred unless forfeit is declared in the week before running.

If thirty entries are left in after the forfeit stage, the value of the stakes and added money will be more than £7,000.

Not bad for a war time classic.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, April 4, to Wednesday, April 10.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U
97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

J9396OM94Z would read CITADEL.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Z94J2A would read LECCO.

17 times more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that your Nerves need Vitamin B . . . and they know that the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure 'LIVE' Yeast.*

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast contains **17 times more Vitamin B than ½-lb. of Beef Steak.** Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast at once and you will be amazed at the improvement in your NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS.

Be sure to ask for PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast, the genuine *pure 'LIVE' Yeast without drugs.* . . It is perfectly safe for all ages and is *not habit forming.*

50 Tablets 1/3 . . . Family Size (150) 3/-

From all Chemists . . . Ask for PHILLIPS —the 'Live' Yeast WITHOUT DRUGS

Phillips TONIC YEAST is LIFE ITSELF!

CATARRH-NOSES

Clean out poisonous mucus. Banish Catarrh

NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy stops Catarrh. Instantly cleans out Nose. Clears Head, Throat, Chest. Brings away the germ-laden mucus that is poisoning you. "NOSTROLINE" soothes Soreness. Heals Inflammation. Ends Catarrh. Colds, 'Flu; relieves Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness. Insist on "NOSTROLINE" and take nothing else. 1/3 at all Chemists.

NOSTROLINE

Free sample from "NOSTROLINE," J.95, Bristol, 2.

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO WITH THE LARGEST SALE

The "Digger"

Like this sturdy member of the Commonwealth after whom it is named, Digger tobacco is a worthy Empire representative. Made from the pick of Empire leaf it gives a satisfying, lasting smoke and if a full-bodied tobacco is to your taste, you'll find "Digger" a most enjoyable blend.

11D

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

TOBACCOS

FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · PLUG · HONEYDEW

PLAYER'S TOBACCOS & CIGARETTES for B.E.F.
AT DUTY FREE PRICES
Ask your Tobacconist for full particulars

P.D.79

END SPRING-TIME SKIN TROUBLES

Do not let the bright sunny days reveal spots, pimples or blackheads. D.D.D. Brand Prescription will quickly end your troubles and give to your skin that lovely alluring satin-soft smoothness that compels admiration. Do not miss the charm and fascination of a faultless complexion, a dazzling clear skin. They can be yours to-morrow if you will just apply a few drops of D.D.D. Prescription wherever there is a spot or blemish. D.D.D. Prescription sinks rapidly into the skin and washes out all the impurities and poisons which collect under the skin during springtime. Soon your skin will be perfect again with the radiant loveliness of youth.

This magical golden lotion is invaluable, too, in more serious troubles such as eczema or psoriasis. D.D.D. Prescription is sold by chemists everywhere, price 1/3 per bottle.

FREE.—A trial bottle of D.D.D. Prescription will be sent to all who send name and address on a postcard (1d. stamp) to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. M.N.6), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

D.D.D PRESCRIPTION

"And now I'm SAVING money- as the government tells us to!"
READING MORNING PAPER
"Eggs up - bacon up - butter up - what do they think they are? Barrage Balloons?"
"Well, there's one thing about the blackout - we'll save a little money by not gadding about so much!"
"That's all you know about it! Everything I buy seems to cost more now"
ON THE BUS
(WOMAN IN FRONT)
"No - it's not gone up. And the doctor said there was the food value of two eggs in every cupful of it if you make it with milk... Yes, BOURNVILLE cocoa. That's right"
"THINKS... ???"
THE SAME EVENING
"Hey, what's this Mrs. Extravagance? BOURNVILLE cocoa's grand, but can we afford 'extras' just now?"
"Wrong again Mr. Know-All. With BOURNVILLE COCOA you get 3d. worth of food for 1¼d.. It's still only 6d. a quarter pound"
"Well, we haven't saved through the blackout, but we have through BOURNVILLE COCOA. Look at this - a housekeeping BALANCE now, and we all live like fighting cocks, too!"

BOURNVILLE COCOA

MADE BY CADBURYS

Still at Peace-time price

6D PER QTR LB 11D PER HALF LB

HEALTH news

If nerve suffering is your trouble read these two remarkable cases, which show you how to overcome your weakness and make a good recovery.

LIFE WASN'T WORTH LIVING

until she took Dr. Cassells

If you have ever put up with nerve suffering you will know what this woman means when she says "*there are no tablets which can do more good in cases like mine.*" This is a Barnsley woman's tribute to the tonic which made her life worth living again. She writes: "*I could not eat, I could not sleep at night, I suffered severely with stomach pains—life was not worth living. But since taking Dr. Cassells I am perfectly well and can both eat and sleep well.*" Mrs. E. E. S.

Now— "I am perfectly well, I can eat, I can sleep."

Signalman suffered

INCREDIBLE AGONIES

This man suffered for over 20 years with nervous weakness. He thought he would never get over it. At last, on his own initiative, he began taking Dr. Cassells Tablets. The improvement was remarkable. He says: "*I am a signalman in a fairly large Box and how I continued my responsible work I don't know. The agonies I suffered were indescribable. I am thankful it is now my turn to write of the great good Dr. Cassells can do. I eat, and sleep and am better in every way.*" W. H., London, E.6.

Now— "It is my turn to write of the great good Dr. Cassells can do..."

Feed your Nerves with

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

—AND YOU WILL

EAT BETTER!
SLEEP BETTER!
FEEL BETTER!

1/3, 3/- and 5/-. Trial size 6d.
The Great Nerve Tonic and Body Builder

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

"Mowwell" Lawn Mower with ball bearing cylinder. Easy running, clean cutting, with 5 Sheffield Steel 12in. blades, strong polished handle. 24/6 Carriage Paid. Price

No extra for Easy Payments
Garden Implements Catalogue Free.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

PENSION
CASH and FOOD SUPPLIES
for John Bull's X-WORD!
20/- WEEKLY for LIFE and £100 CASH
£350 LUMP SUM IF PREFERRED
For up to 250 1st, RUNNERS-UP—FINE 'FILL-YOUR-LARDER' PRIZES of 10-in-1 LUXURY CASES
BISCUITS—JAM—FRUIT CAKE—HONEY—CIGARETTES—CHOCOLATES—ETC. ETC.
WAR SAVINGS BONUS with EVERY PRIZE including the UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

A FINE Pension-plus-Cash First Prize, well-filled Luxury Cases to stock up to 250 larders, Surprise Awards and unlimited War Bonuses are all waiting for *John Bull* Crossworders this week.

Start on your entry now, post it off not later than Saturday, April 13, and the following Friday's Joy Wire may well be for *you!*

YOUR FREE PRIVILEGE. Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. Bullets coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Offer of £400 DOUBLED FIRST, provided it bears same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 35.

ACROSS CLUES.

1. Will probably improve a great deal with careful treatment
3. May well be of assistance to tramp
4. Short sleep
5. Some dogs can be trained to carry th'e
7. Soldier should be warned that girl who is this may really be cunning and dangerous
8. Europeans depend much less on this than do people of Britain
14. Casting one is not something any person can do
17. May be sold for a few pence, or at much higher price
19. List of names
20. If you take two letters from dozen, result is this
21. Heavy one will in all probability take the more money

DOWN CLUES.

1. Keen photographer can occasionally get good one in street market
2. How collapse always ends
3. One might possibly carry great deal of weight on the river
6. Farm produce is often displayed in one
9. Putting his money on one may well land punter in trouble for street betting
10. Might make it easy for cutter to make headway more quickly
11. It would take a real effort for some people to pick up this
12. One with drive is naturally to be preferred
13. When swindler's big deal comes off, result is frequently this for someone
15. Cheerful song or melody
16. Such fur is easily distinguished from mere rabbit skin
18. Garage hand knows how one works

45 PENSIONS WON — WHO'S NEXT?

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

Presented on this page is the 197th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

GIANT 2-IN-1 FIRST NEXT WEEK!

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, April 25. Runners-up Prizes will be awarded to competitors whose entries are next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one cash or luxury case award and one other prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 197, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Postal Order must be enclosed or stamps affixed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, April 13, 1940.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to total entry-fee of 4/-.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided as such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, April 25. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

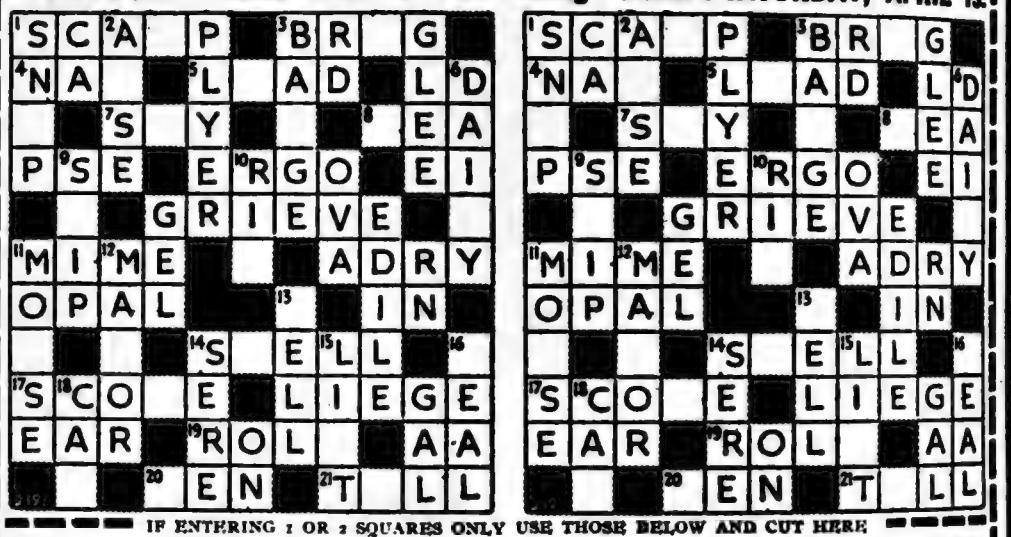
5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £350 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 197. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, APRIL 13.



IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions, and enclose Postal Order (number and value below) to cover necessary entry fee. Stamps may be affixed if preferred at the rate of 3d. per square.

Name.....

Address .....

P.O. Value.... No..... .....

REMEMBER ALSO TO ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO THIS "GAZETTE" LABEL.

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here	FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps
FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps	FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE)

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

.....

.....

.....

29.....

Mark X in this square if you do not already possess a red Collecting Book for National Savings Stamps. ☐

3 FINE CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 194.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 194 the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following three competitors:—

Mrs. W. DREW, 78, Oxford St., Derby.
J. S. LANG, Glenbrae, West-Glen Rd., Kilmacolm, Scotland.
C. STEVENSON, 10, Oakfield Rd., Selly Park, Birmingham.

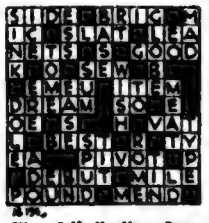
These competitors share the First Prize of £300, and a cheque for £100 will be sent to each.

The Award of £100 to Runners-up has been divided between 60 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £1 13s. 4d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 380 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

Every prize-winner will also receive a National Savings Bonus as announced.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. SIDE. 3. BRIG. 6. SLAT. 7. NETS. 9. GOOD. 13. VAT. 15. BEST. 17. PIVOT. 19. MILE. 20. POUND. 21. MEND.
DOWN. 1. SINK. 2. ICE. 3. BASE. 4. GLOBE. 5. MAD. 8. TONE. 10. WISH. 11. MEAT. 12. DOLE. 14. TYPE. 16. ROME. 18. TIN.

X-WORD AID POST-FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label you will secure a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the "CROSSWORD GAZETTE" containing Adjudication Committee's Findings on this Contest.

★ **THIS IS YOUR PAGE!** It is a weekly opportunity for you to tell the world your opinions, ask for advice about all manner of problems, whether connected with the Services or civilian life, and air your grouses. "John Bull" pays 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use a photograph you have taken. WRITE TO JOHN BULL.

★ VOICE OF THE PEOPLE ★

MY son was medically examined on a Wednesday. On the following Monday a local officer called with a form to be filled in regarding my dependent's allowance.

My son was not called for a month, but in little more than a week after his joining the Army, my allowance came through.

Not so bad, was it?

Thanks for your help in exposing past delays.—Mrs. R. Davies, Fair View, Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire.

When this alacrity becomes the general rule, our Free Advice Service will lose half its work!

And Still Is . . .

IT may interest JOHN BULL readers to know that "Humbug" is a corruption of the word Hamburg. So many false reports were fabricated at Hamburg during the various Continental wars that eventually the word was used to indicate disbelief.

Hamburg, or humbug, at last became a common expression of incredulity.—Registered Reader, Pearson Field, Wombwell, Barnsley.

Irony of History

THIS year the nations were to have celebrated the 500th anniversary of the invention of printing.

Ironical that the country that gave the world this blessing, through the work of Johann Gutenburg at Mainz, Germany, is also the cause of withholding celebrations in his honour.—W. Hurrell, Shorton Valley Road, Paignton, Devon.

England celebrated the 400th anniversary of the introduction of printing in this country in June, 1877. English people usually look to William Caxton as the inventor of printing, because Gutenburg's works are overshadowed by the production of the Gutenburg Bible.

School of Peace

JUST outside Rugby is an old country house converted into a college with a hundred pupils, twenty teachers and staff, everyone of whom is a staunch pacifist.

No meat of any kind is seen on the dining-tables. Before the war the students were a mixture of many nationalities, including Germans, French and Poles.

They study happily together, preparing themselves to minister to the spiritual needs of humanity in every country, and relieve physical suffering.

If Hitler conquered Britain, they would still carry on—or go to prison, or the block, for their faith.—W. Long, Queen Victoria Street, York.

More Food, Please!

NOW all farmers are busy in the "Plough for Victory" campaign, the Government should give land workers adequate rations.

My husband is working until 8 p.m. ploughing the land. What use is 1s. 10d. worth of meat to him?

Yet a child of six is allowed the same rations as an adult worker. Where there is a large family they get enough meat, but in my case 3s. 8d. worth of meat between two is not enough.

When men are working in the fields during hay-time and harvest, they must have cans of tea, and ¾ lb. of sugar does not go far.

A little extra food for the farmer's men would be welcome.—Mrs. Herbert Jackson, "The Rookery," Abington Pigetts, nr. Royston, Herts.

Quite Enough Food

I FEEL furious when people grumble about rations. As a housewife, I think our allowances are adequate—even generous.

Rationing seems a minor worry when you have two sons in the Fighting Services.—J. B. Essex, Military Road, Colchester.

Sailor's Possessions

AN old sailor told me that if a sailor's possessions were lost with his ship he had to pay the Admiralty for loss of uniform. Surely such an unfair rule does not exist in the British Navy!—Mrs. D. Giltrow, Northcroft Road, Ealing, London, W.13.

If a naval rating's possessions are lost with his ship, clothing and other equipment are replaced without payment.

Factory Canteen Grouse

GREAT efficiency is expected of men and women now engaged on war work in factories, yet often the factory canteen is a disgrace.

Surroundings are depressing, and the charred bones and soggy vegetables hardly eatable.

Workers cannot be expected to travel long distances and turn out good work on meals served in this way.

Government inspection should be extended to the canteens if our factories are to work at maximum efficiency.—F. Wood, Hillmorton Road, Rugby.

Factory owners who achieve the best results realise how important good canteens are. With efficient organisation excellent meals can be supplied very cheaply.

By "Poolex"

HERE is an up-to-date "Form and Reliability" analysis of the teams engaged in the regional competitions requested by many readers.

The analysis is prepared by comparing results in recent weeks with the predictions of experts.

D indicates a team that can usually produce the result predicted by the experts (a dependable team).

B indicates a team playing *better* than generally expected.

W indicates a team playing *worse* than expected.

E indicates an erratic team. Avoid these where possible.

Home and away form is shown separately. There are a few blanks where there is no recent form on which to base an opinion.

South C.	H.	A.	*South D.*	H.	A.
Arsenal	D	W	Aldershot ..	B	B
Brentford ..	D	B	Bournem'th	W	E
Charlton ..	W	W	Brighton ..	E	D
Chelsea	W	E	Clapton O...	D	E
Fulham	D	B	Crystal P ..	E	B
Millwall	D	B	Norwich ..	D	W
Portsmouth	W	D	Q.P.R.	D	B
Southampton	E	D	Reading	E	E
Tottenham..	E	B	Southend ..	B	D
West Ham ..	D	W	Watford	D	B
South-Western.			*Midland.*		
Bristol C. ..	E	D	Birmingham	—	D
Bristol R. ..	B	B	Coventry ..	D	D
Cardiff	D	D	Leicester ..	D	D
Newport ..	W	D	Luton	W	D
Plymouth ..	D	D	Northampton	E	D
Swansea	E	D	Walsall	B	D
Swindon ..	D	W	W. Bromwich	D	E
Torquay ..	D	E	Wolves	D	D
East Midland.			*North-Eastern.*		
Barnsley ..	E	B	Bradford ..	B	E
Chesterfield	D	—	Bradford C.	D	D
Doncaster ..	D	D	Darlington	D	D
Grimsby ..	D	W	Halifax	D	D
Lincoln	B	D	Hartlepools	—	D
Mansfield ..	—	D	Huddersfield	B	E
Notts C. ..	D	D	Hull	D	D
Notts F. ..	E	D	Leeds	—	D
Rotherham	D	B	Middlesbro'	D	—
Shef. U.	D	W	Newcastle ..	D	D
Shef. W. ..	W	D	York	D	—

In Your Garden
by Richard Sudell

Tender Hearts

EVERY gardener should plan a succession of tender salads, to be maintained in continuous supply all the year round.

First, the soil should be prepared.

All salads are surface rooting, and manure and organic matter applied to the soil should be only lightly turned in so that it is buried with two or three inches of soil. The usual method of placing manure at the bottom of the trench is unsuitable for salads.

Plenty of moisture is necessary during growth, and watering is essential if the weather is dry. Water should be supplied generously in the evening, but much watering can be saved by using the hoe frequently between the rows of salads.

During the summer, salads can be grown between rows of such slower maturing vegetables as celery, peas and beans, but care should be taken that they are not overshadowed.

Salads can be grown in partly shady positions, which become essential in hot months for succulent growth.

During the winter the salad patch should be in the warmest corner of the garden, where cloches or a frame can be used as protection. A few of the best salads to grow for succession are:

LETTUCES: *Tom Thumb. Early French Frame.*

MUSTARD AND CRESS: *Chicory. Large Brussels.*

RADISH: *White Turnip. Wood's Long Frame.*

ENDIVE: *Covent Garden Green Curled. Green Batavian.*

BEET: *Dell's Crimson.*

DANDELION: *Improved Thick-leaved. Corn Salad (Lambs Lettuce).*

Only sow a few seeds at a time at fortnightly intervals.

Most popular of garden herbs, parsley, gives ample crops if treated generously. Deeply dig the ground and manure it before making the first sowing this month. Successional sowings may be made during June and August.

This herb is excellent if used as an edging to make the vegetable patch more ornamental.

Sow the seeds in shallow drills, finally thinning to nine inches apart.

Give plenty of water in dry weather.

Other useful herbs to raise from seeds are Thyme and Sage. Mint is best bought as roots from a nursery. It soon spreads, and a little nitrate of soda, used at the rate of half an ounce to a square yard, makes the leaves luscious and tender for sauce.

Bronchitis

If Neglected Is Dangerous

It may take a serious turn and you may have to endure pain and suffering for some time after. Whereas, this trouble could have been avoided by the use of Potter's Asthma Cure. It gives you instant relief and freedom from those terrible choking sensations and feelings of suffocation. It ensures soothing and restful sleep so that you may carry on your daily occupation with ease and comfort. Many sufferers have proved the almost magical power of Potter's Asthma Cure, which is free from opiates and marvellously successful even after other so-called remedies have failed.

INSTANT RELIEF

Safest and most reliable remedy for Asthma, Bronchitis, Chronic Colds and Coughs, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough and Croup and other bronchial diseases. Supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores at 1/6, or direct post free at 1/9. Sufferers should send for FREE BOOKLET.

To Potter & Clarke Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

Please send me, post free, your booklet "Are you Asthmatic?"

Name.....

Address.....

John Bull

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

INDIGESTION Banished!

NOW ENJOYS A HEARTY MEAL THANKS TO MOORLANDS

"After getting a supply of Moorlands from my chemist I am pleased to tell you my indigestion has completely gone. I can now enjoy my food and nothing disagrees with me! I wish I had heard of Moorlands years ago." (Mrs.) A. L., Launceston.

One of the many thousands of unsolicited testimonials

Instant relief from
INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE
ACIDITY, HEARTBURN
PALPITATION, GASTRIC CATARRH

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

TAKE 2 TABLETS AND EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

ALL CHEMISTS 7½ & 1/3

W. B. CARTWRIGHT LTD · RAWDON · LEEDS

HEAR PERFECTLY WITH EAREX DEAFNESS DROPS

For Buzzing in the Ear, Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness, Running Ears, Earache Hardened Wax Impaired and Hard of Hearing, Nerve Deafness. Send P.O. NOW. 2/- & 5/- per bottle post free.

Money refunded if not satisfied

AUREX CO. (3) Chemists CLEVELEYS Lancs

How Neglected

INDIGESTION GETS WORSE

Indigestion usually starts with just a little **DISCOMFORT AFTER MEALS** and a feeling of **FULLNESS.**

Your stomach is producing too much acid!

Other distressing symptoms quickly follow —**FLATULENCE,** that distressing **TIGHTNESS** and **ACCUMULATION OF GAS** set up by fermentation of undigested food. **HEARTBURN** is another trouble to arise, a nasty distressing **REGURGITATION** in the throat and a **BURNING SPOT** behind the left shoulder blade. Then comes **BILIOUSNESS.** You cannot keep the slightest food down. You may *feel* sick but cannot *be* sick. The acid begins to bite into the wall of the stomach. You get **PAIN AFTER MEALS,** indicating **INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH LINING,** and if you continue to neglect these symptoms dreaded **ULCERATION** may follow

RELIEF AT ONCE

But even at this stage **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** will save you. It will neutralise the acidity, put a soothing coating over the stomach wall and you will get relief almost at once. You can implicitly rely on this statement because every supply of this remedy is sold under definite satisfaction or money back condition. Get a 1/3 bottle of **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** at once. If you are not completely satisfied with the results, return empty carton to Macleans, Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford, and your money will be refunded in full. This offer applies only to **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** made by Macleans Ltd. **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** is only genuine if the signature "Alex. C. Maclean" appears on bottle, carton or tin.

Alex. C. Maclean

ALSO IN HANDY TABLET FORM IN POCKET TINS 6D 9D & 1/3 IN BOTTLES 1/3 2/- & 5/-

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder *Fromell Chemists* 1/3, 2/- & 5/- PER BOTTLE

HOW TO END PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief

What would you give to be *really* cured of those torturing Piles? To find protrusions growing less and less until they finally disappear, never to torment you again? A doctor's formula brings this relief within the reach of every sufferer. The Magic Brand Pile Cure positively heals, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Surgical methods are both unnecessary and unwise. If your life is being made miserable by this distressing complaint, be persuaded to try the Magic Pile Cure. The first application will stop pain and irritation almost instantly. The alarming loss of blood is arrested, swelling and inflammation gradually die down, and the piles are soothed and healed in a way that seems miraculous.

If you have never tried this wonderful remedy, do so without delay.

FREE SAMPLE gladly sent on request to Magic Laboratories, M.N.6, New Court, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Polly put the Kettle on and we'll have no more CONSTIPATION

Taken last thing at night, **CLOISTER HERBAL TEA** is Nature's remedy for constipation. Cloister is a mixture of 18 different herbs, each of which has its own distinct action on stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys. Cloister dispels those black-out blues and brings back bounding health and pep. All chemists, 6d. and 1/6.

THE LAST LAUGH!

GOLFER (Croydon).—"I had a most amusing day on the links with some actors. Actually, they couldn't play golf for nuts." Maybe they weren't actors—scene shifters, possibly?

R. G. (Dulwich).—"I can tear a telephone directory in two with my fingers." How nice to be able to express your feelings so satisfactorily on getting wrong numbers.

F. F. (Rothbury).—"The German public will believe anything." Yes, we are waiting for Dr. Goebbels to announce that when a Nazi ship is scuttled a skeleton crew of skilled technicians is left on board to transform her into a U-boat.

H. C. (Erith).—"If my wife talks to me while I am writing, I find when I've finished that I've written a lot of drivel." The next time you write to us, do it when she's not at home, will you?

DICK (Birmingham).—"That girl of mine is getting difficult. Every time I kiss her she says I'm rough." You should tell her that the course of true love never did run smooth.

R. B. (Epsom).—"I wonder why doctors so seldom sing the praises of rhubarb as a valuable medicine." Perhaps because rhubarb is able to stick up for itself.

D. N. (Deal).—"A man who has been let down by his associates cannot be expected to carry on with the same confidence." And yet deep sea divers seem to manage it.

E. N. (Knebworth).—"I had a drive of twenty miles before I got to the golf course to have my first lesson." And then you had one of about twenty inches?

RACONTEUR (Leigh).—"In telling a joke I always make it as short as possible." Wise fellow. If you stretch 'em out you give the other chap time to think of one to tell you.

JACK (Newcastle).—"My girl friend's father said his answer depended on my financial position." Not knowing that your financial position depended on his answer.

WILL (Bournemouth).—"My wife's discovered the finest thing possible for polishing linoleum." You don't mind boosting yourself, apparently.

A. D. (Beccles).—"I'm going to a debating class next week, and the subject will be 'Civilisation.' What is your idea of this?" We think it's a grand idea. Somebody ought to start it.

G. B. (Goring).—"One and all, we should support the Government." We don't mind supporting the Government if the Government will leave us enough to support ourselves.

O. H. (London, W.).—"I go out a lot in the evenings and have observed that too many after-dinner speeches make people dull." The real trouble is that too many dull people make after-dinner speeches.

S. F. (Trowbridge).—"The ideal to aim at is peace and friendliness between the races." Instead of a violent argument with the bookmaker?

M. B. (Berwick).—"I am almost convinced that some doctors would pass a half-wit into the Army." You'll probably know for certain when you are called up.

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped, addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment

"Bullets" Illustrated:

Now Dad's a Fireman His "Nozzle" Shines Bright!

J. R. (York).—"The old gentleman I was serving complained that the roast beef was tough and asked if there was no choice." And you said there was—he could take it or leave it?

FAIR PLAY (Walthamstow).—"Only one man in a hundred seems to think a tailor should be paid promptly." The other ninety-nine are customers.

C. K. (Doncaster).—"It was a very select gathering, so naturally I was smartly turned out." Or do you mean promptly?

A. M. (Nottingham).—"When my wife and I are discussing the crossword clues I always let her have the last word." And never the right one, we bet.

JOHN G. (Runcorn).—"What wouldn't I do to have a nice cup of tea in bed every morning?" Get up and put the kettle on.

COMEDIAN (Hull).—"My son, who is at a boarding school, has certainly been taught politeness." He laughs at all your jokes?

H. A. (Sale).—"I've written to you often. I wonder do you ever think of me?" Frequently, but we'd hate to tell you what.

M. K. (Reading).—"You see the dire results of a rumour whispered by the sergeant-major." Whispered?

G. M. (Bury).—"When a man is really down and out, who will stick closer to him than his dog?" The broker's men.

NATURALIST (Epping).—"The first cuckoo has not yet put in an appearance here." Perhaps it is travelling by a roundabout route to avoid flying over neutral countries.

C. Y. (Rye).—"Nearly all my best pictures were done in the nude." Didn't you find it rather chilly?

R. M. (Exeter).—"My husband is very anxious to teach me to swim this year." Just for the thrill of telling you to keep your mouth closed?

CENSOR (France).—"I heard some of the men discussing me the other day and was not sure how to take their description of me." They called you a blue pencil officer?

G. V. (Ramsgate).—"I did not choose my wife for her looks." But you probably get them if you come home late from the office.

BERTIE (Seaford).—"The other day a man proposed marriage in a bathing costume. What do you think I am going to propose in?" Vain, judging by the photograph you sent us.

SHOPKEEPER (Kew).—"Many of my casual customers come back to me again." With their purchases?

R. F. (London, W.).—"I was astonished at being stopped by one of the women police, who said I must give her my name." Well, it's Leap Year, you know.

T. B. (Hove).—"What do you get from leading politicians nowadays?" As we have never led any, we can't say.

F. J. (Southampton).—"I admit we drank a lot, but the bill seemed very high for two persons." Perhaps there were some more under the table?

MRS. L. (Barking).—"Instead of buying our rations, my husband had a night out with the money I gave him." He came home with the milk instead of the butter?

E. K. (Grimsby).—"Did you read of the sick woman who recovered when her husband brought her flowers?" Yes, but that husband was lucky. Many wives need a new hat or dress before they get well again.

J. L. (Woking).—"My salary is not what it should be." But could you live on it if it were?

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

THE TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"The staff of our Meteorological Office has been more than TREMBLED in the last eighteen months . . ."

ILLUSTRATED LEICESTER CHRONICLE:—"George parked in a side street and watched the TRAIN trickling down the windscreen . . ."

THE SCOTTISH DAILY EXPRESS:—"I got two shots through my left EGG . . ."

WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR:—"Then we make a concerted effort, and, HIDING every available vehicle for snow shifting . . ."

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN:—". . . and much as the French public dislikes all forms of red TAPS there is an increasing demand in favour of ration cards for certain commodities."

THE KID - - - - - - - - - BY LEES

ENORMOUSLY INCREASED CASH OFFER FOR 'BULLETS'!

win £400

DOUBLED 1ST PRIZE — Winner's Joy Wire FRIDAY, APRIL 26

ONE WEEK ONLY

£25 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5

10 PRIZES each of £2·10s

25 PRIZES OF 10/- 200 SURPRISE AWARDS VALUE 5/- 2000 GOOD SHOT PRIZES

BE QUICK FOR £400—THIS WAY TO SUCCESS!

ONE of the biggest *Bullets* cheques since war began must be won this week for two, three or four simple words—and this *doubled* First Prize of £400 can well be yours if you make good use of the coupons on this page!

Yes, thanks to an entertaining half-hour with the *Examples* below, Friday, April 26, may bring you a thrilling £400 Joy Wire from JOHN BULL to banish money worries for years to come.

A specially augmented range of all-cash prizes has been arranged to support this splendid First—and, in addition, *every one of the 2,243 prizes will be accompanied by a National War Savings Bonus.*

To make a BULLET, simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the EXAMPLES below.

Note just some of the many roads to success from the "map" below, provided by the chief winners in our 1,212th Contest. And remember that this huge Doubled First Prize Opportunity is yours for ONE WEEK ONLY; see that your entry is postmarked on or before Saturday, April 13, or you will be too late.

N.B.—Don't miss the additional 10 £2 Prizes for all-round merit announced below your four-effort coupon on this page.

'BULLETS' 1,212 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £250 plus Radio:

W. STOCKDALE, 57, West Ferry Road, Millwall, London, E.
Example: KEEP YOUR HEAD AND
Bullet: "BEHEAD" THAT OGRE, PESSIMISM!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £20 plus Radio:

A. W. CARRIS, 58, Mt. Pleasant, Waterloo, Liverpool.
Example: If Germany Won
Bullet: Black-out Lifted—"Blackness" Descending.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Radio:

E. M. OFFEN, 14, Windmill Road, St. Martin's Hill, Canterbury.
Example: Under The Plough
Bullet: Grass-land, At Last—Grand!

OTHER PRIZES, each plus Radio:

£5: Miss E. MOCKFORD, 15, Padwick Avenue, Coshain, Hants.
Gratefully—Canadians Return King's Visit.

£4: Mrs. E. METCALFE, 62, Kilroyd Avenue, Hunsworth, Cleckheaton.
Private Smith—Shows "Generalship" When Scrounging!

£3: L. A. MARLOW, 4, Glendale Gardens, N. Wembley, Middx.
If Germany Won—Better Buried—So Dig!

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

Mrs. W. FIELDEN, 2, Holme Houses, Cornholme, Todmorden.
Recipe For Peace—Must Include "Guaranteed Preservatives."

W. McKNIGHT, 32, Dhu-Varren Park, Belfast.
Doing Well—Butter Doubled—U-Boats Halved.

A. MILTON, 2, Homefield Road, Witham, Essex.
Bigger Man—Than "Great Men," Daddy!

Mrs. D. PUGH, 172, Brodie Avenue, Liverpool.
Under The Red—Ensign, "Errand-boys" That Hurry.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

BRITANNIA CALLED AND
OUR SALVATION
ON THE FARM FRONT
NOBODY'S BUSINESS
NOW AUNTIE'S A WARDEN
THE DANGER IS
SOWING THE SEED
PRIZES OF WAR | CONTRABAND
INFAMOUS | OUR WEAPONS
HER YOUNG MAN | BARBARISM
AERIAL ARMADA
BITTER LESSON
CO-OPERATION PAYS, SO
GETTING A BIT RUSTY
DOWN IN THE DEPTHS
ROOSEVELT KNOWS
DEFENCE OF THE REALM

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

TO BUILD ..... IN ..... TO-DAY
..... MISTAKE
REFUSED TO ..... ON ..... SIDE
THE LATEST .....

W. B. SALMON, Sgts. Mess, "The Buffs," Canterbury, Kent.
Too Many Officers—In Too Many Offices!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

J. J. SHAW, "Norwent," Grange Road, Bessacarr, Doncaster.
Terrible News—War Correspondent Wants Rise!

G. G. SMITH, 2, Lodge Road (Shop), Tonbridge.
Too Many Saying—"We'll Win"—And Slacking!

J. TWIGG, West End, Bradninch, Exeter.
Wise Policy—"Daily Dozen"—Reward, "Century"?

L. E. WILLIAMS, 47, Charles Street, Tonypandy.
A Little Extra—He Did—Needed—"Head"!

F. WILSON, 2, Garden Drive, Hebburn-on-Tyne.
As Hitler Says—"Germany's Encircled"—Almost Nightly!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 winners of Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

WAR SAVINGS BONUS accompanies ALL the 2,243 prizes being despatched this week.

Over 10,000 FREE NATIONAL SAVINGS STAMPS

All this week's prize-winners, including "Good Shot" recipients, will be amongst 10,000 "Bulleteers" receiving National War Savings Bonus with prize in connection with "John Bull's" big "Speed-the-Victory" Campaign.

ONE WITH EVERY PRIZE THIS WEEK

WIN with this NEW EASY-to-ENTER COUPON for 1 2 3 or 4 BULLETS

Use Coupon below result for further entries—or plain paper if using Advertiser's coupon overleaf.

You MUST complete this LABEL to ensure receiving POST-FREE copy of "Bulletts" Bulletin dated Sat., Apr. 27. **MARK X here....** If you do not already possess a red Collecting Book for National Savings Stamps.

NAME.....
Full Postal ADDRESS.....
—Clear Block Letters
.....
29

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" on this coupon.
P.O. value.....
No.....
Closing postmark (1,216) SAT., APR. 13.

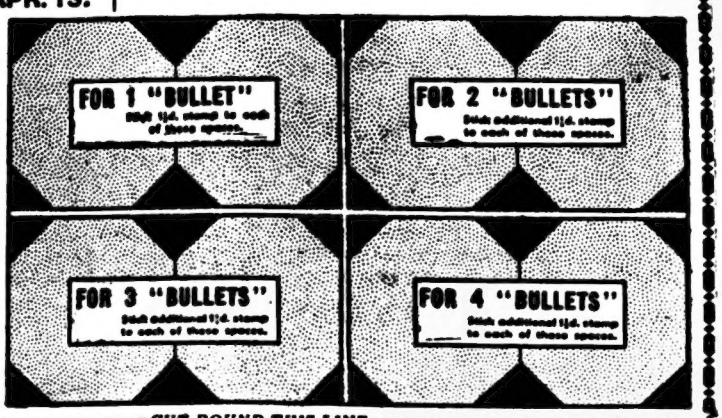
SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

STAMPS ENTRY-FEE

If preferred, stamps may be used instead of P.O.—in which case firmly affix 1½d. stamps in these spaces at the rate of 3d. for each BULLET submitted.

N.B. — Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 32, may be enclosed with BULLETS: double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.



CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,216) I agree to enter in accordance with Rules, and enclose

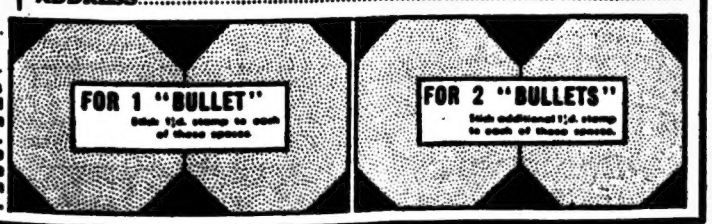
P.O. Value .....

No. .....

If preferred, stamps may be used instead of P.O., in which case firmly affix 1½d. stamps in these spaces at the rate of 3d. for each BULLET submitted.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....



RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

£20 EXTRA CASH BONUSES BEST SETS of 4 BULLETS

The 10 entrants for this Contest whose sets of FOUR "BULLETS" on one coupon show most all-round merit will each receive ADDITIONAL £2 CASH.

But there's the time limit!

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,216, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

The Remedy That Has Definitely Mastered

CIRCULATORY DISEASES

Wonderful Discovery of Unique Blood Substance Essential to Health!

By Every Post Letters Pour Into Our Offices ——Letters full of Praise and Thanks!

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing.

No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of 'Elasto'. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad-leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto',—*the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers!*

What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health! It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and, to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is *absolutely essential.* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say—

"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to 'Elasto', my leg is now completely cured."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
"The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"'Elasto' has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Thrombosis gone; legs better and less swelling."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"No pain or swelling in my legs now. I think it is wonderful after being unable to get about for two years."
"Your wonderful remedy has also cured me of cramp from which I had suffered for years."
"'Elasto' tones up the system and cures depression."
"My heart is quite sound again now."
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."
"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."
"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Age 66."
"'Elasto' has saved me pounds."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but 'Elasto' cured me."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit."
"As soon as I started taking 'Elasto' I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"I was confined to my bed with phlebitis, without hope of ever getting out again. My doctor says I owe my life to 'Elasto'."
"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."
"My piles are gone, my legs are better, and I feel fitter in my general health." Etc., Etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of 'Elasto', the wonderful new Biomedical Remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

(Issued by the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.)

Here's Good News! You Can Test 'Elasto' Free!

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining 'Elasto',—the new Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment. Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES. *This offer is too good to be missed!* ★

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15F), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

COUPON ★

FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF 'ELASTO'

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet "The Story of 'Elasto'", fully explaining how 'Elasto', **The Great Blood Revitaliser**, cures through the blood.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

J.B. No. 6440.....

'Elasto' will save you pounds!

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